

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR—HENRY HAVELOCK.

EDITORIAL.

WE have already shown that during all the years of his military service in India, Havelock walked closely with his God. His long and consistent religious life had, in the end, secured for him the respect of his comrades in arms, whether high or low. They knew that with him religion was not "put on," but was real; that he was not "pious at the prayer meeting and profligate at the mess," but that he "walked worthy of his vocation" without ever counting the cost.

But there was also another marked result of this long and unhesitating service. It was the effect it had produced upon his own character. So practically had he walked with God that "religious service, both in public and private, had become natural to him." In early life he was excitable, and his resentment of real or supposed injuries sudden and vehement. But grace had toned his heart. One who had known him in childhood, and met him on his return to England in 1849, bore this testimony concerning him: "Our meeting at Plymouth convinced me that no remnant of the irritability of his boyhood was left, but that to every body and in every thing he was kind, considerate, and Christian-like." The fervor of his spirit and the unction that attended his religious exercises find illustration in an incident which occurred while he was at Plymouth. He usually conducted the devotional exercises of the household. An Irish servant girl was melted to tears, and upon rising from her knees she addressed him with much emotion: "O, Mistrer Havelock, dear, you're not fit for a soldier. It's too tinder-hearted you are. Sure you was born a praisit, and a praisit it is you ought to be."

VOL. XXII.—5

Havelock's return to India was a financial necessity. He had not been so fortunate as many of his fellow-officers in obtaining emoluments. Perhaps he had been more conscientious. Beyond a present comfortable support he had been able to make no provision for his wife and children. His arrangements now involved a separation from them; for he had determined to have his children educated in England, and he would not for one moment listen to the removal of them from under a mother's care. Like all other conscientious sacrifices, this was promptly yet sadly made. The 27th of October, 1851, witnessed the final leave-taking. "The morning," says his biographer, "arose upon him sadly. There were his loved ones as wakeful as himself at early dawn. Each felt what none could utter. Separation was now come—a sensible reality. Pleasant readings together were terminated. No more excursions would be planned and executed. Going to the house of God in company was passed. That refreshing and delightful family worship was all over; at least one more exercise, and the husband, the father, the master would not officiate in *the home* any longer as the patriarch and the priest unto God. Years would elapse before they could again kneel down before the family altar; or what was even more probable, the privilege might never again occur. They kneeled down. Tremulous were the patriarch's tones; full, quite full, the heart of the priest of the weeping household, as he was making intercession for his wife and for their daughters and little son."

As we glance from this touching picture to the condition of other British officers who had been less time in the public service, but had been enabled to resign their commissions and retire in the possession of ample fortunes, is any one inclined to ask, What "profit" had Havelock of all his faithfulness in the service of God? Ah, friend, thou hast seen only a *part*

of the scheme that concerns the destiny of the Christian hero. Had Havelock now retired, the world had never been thrilled with the splendor of his achievements; humanity never had been honored with so illustrious an example of the Christian hero; nor would the name of Havelock now be so surely enrolled among the illustrious generals of the world. As we witnessed that parting scene our *sympathies* would have almost murmured against God and Providence; but now that the whole plan is filled up, and the hero has won his laurels and been wreathed with them, we rejoice that he was not shut out from that arena for which Providence had been training and fitting him through so many years.

The subsequent career of Havelock has been so well sketched by the Hon. John Marshman, that little is left to us beyond condensing what he has said. Havelock reached Bombay in November, renovated in health and strength by his residence of two years in Europe, and continued at his post till, in 1854, Lord Hardinge, who had succeeded the Duke of Wellington as Commander-in-Chief, appointed him Quarter-master-General of Queen's troops in India. He then proceeded to Calcutta on his way to headquarters, and visited Serampore; but the old familiar faces were no longer to be seen. On this occasion he writes to his family, "At Serampore I rose early in the morning, and visited the printing office, the manufactory, the college, all consecrated scenes. In the chapel I saw the monumental slab to Mrs. Marshman's memory on the same wall with those of Carey, Marshman, Ward, and Mack. I read two chapters in the Bible at the table before the pulpit and prayed alone."

On the 8th of December of the same year he was gazetted as Adjutant-General of her Majesty's forces, a post of the greatest labor and the highest responsibility. He remained at the head of the staff for two years, during which time he continued with the Commander-in-Chief, both in Calcutta and on the tour of periodical inspection, and it was arranged that Mrs. Havelock and his daughters should shortly join him in India, leaving the youngest son, the "mighty Georgy," as he was accustomed to call him, to complete his education in England, when all his plans and prospects were at once changed by the expedition which the English Ministry determined to send to Persia. Two months before the order for the expedition arrived in India, he wrote, "I scrape together something every month toward keeping my wife and children out of the Union when I can no longer labor, but slowly, and at some expense of constitution, though, God be praised! I have not

looked at a doctor since I left Simlah last year. But I am gray-headed and nearly toothless, and yet scarcely within eight years' hail of the rank of major-general. All, however, comes right in the end." And right it did come. Sir James Outram, who had made the Cabul campaign with Havelock sixteen years before, and knew his value, was nominated from home to the chief command of the expedition, and immediately on his arrival at Bombay from England, advised Lord Elphinstone to request that he should be appointed to the charge of a division. "I never," writes Havelock, "should have solicited such a command, and would, in truth, rather have been employed in the north-west provinces, where it is not unlikely that a force may be hereafter required. But when the post of honor and danger was offered me by telegraph, old as I am, I did not hesitate a moment. The wires carried back my unconditional and immediate acceptance." On his arrival at Bombay, he found his son Harry, who was completing his military education at Sandhurst when the Persian expedition was announced, and immediately hastened to India, in the hope of being able to take a share in that active service, and he was not disappointed. Just before Havelock embarked for Persia he wrote home, "If by God's blessing I succeed, I trust they will make me a major-general, which is £400 a year for life, with the hope of a regiment, or £500 a year more. If I am unfortunate, I need not tell you the fate of a British general under such circumstances. I trust in God, and will do my best. The inducement is the hope of promotion in days when fifteen Crimceans, ten junior to me, have been made major-generals at one swoop. All is in the hands of a merciful God."

On the 27th of January he embarked on the steamer, and a salute was fired in compliment to his rank, "the first expense of the kind to which I have ever put the Indian Government." He arrived at Bushire too late to participate in the battle of Kooshab, but was soon after dispatched with his division to the Euphrates, where the enemy was encamped in great strength at Mohamra. But here again there were no laurels for the land service. This grand position on the Euphrates was carried by the navy. Havelock passed the fort with his men on the steamer and landed; but the enemy took to flight. On this occasion he writes: "The whiz of his cannon in passing over my crowded steamer, and the sense of the same protecting Providence, was all that I had to remind me of former days." Here he omits all mention of his own conduct, which has been supplied by one

of his officers. The vessel was filled with troops, who were exposed to a perfect shower of balls as it passed the forts. Havelock ordered them to lie down on the deck that the balls might pass over them, and took his own station on the paddle-box to act as the occasion might require. Though exposed to the most imminent danger from the brisk fire of the enemy, he escaped unhurt. The Persian expedition was nipped in the bud by the result of negotiations in Europe. Havelock, as he wrote to his family, awoke on the 5th of April and found himself sixty-two; but just as his men were drawn up for Church parade, Sir James Outram rode down to inform him that their occupation was gone, peace having been signed at Paris on the 4th of March. He now prepared to return to India. "The intelligence," he writes, "which elevates some and depresses others, finds me calm in my reliance on that dear Redeemer who has watched over and cared for me, even when I knew him not, these threescore and two years." To another he writes, "I am in my sixty-third year, but I think I can campaign as merrily as in 1846. The recoil on the constitution, however, may be more severe. I have written to General Anson that I am ready for China when this is over."

Havelock reached Bombay from Persia on the 30th of May, and heard the astounding intelligence of the mutiny of the Bengal army, and determined immediately to cross the country and join General Anson before Delhi, although the monsoon had set in above the ghats; but Lord Elphinstone, the Governor of Bombay, and Colonel Melvill, the military secretary, insisted upon it that he should not attempt so dangerous a route, more especially as rumors of revolt in Central India were already rife. Had he persisted in his intentions he must inevitably have fallen into the hands of the insurgents. So he embarked on the Erin steamer for Galle, intending to take the first vessel for Calcutta. The voyage was short and agreeable, and bets had, as usual, been made on board as to the time of their arrival at Galle. The vessel was going eleven knots an hour, the moonlight was bright, and the weather fine. Havelock had turned in for the night; at one in the morning the vessel struck, and his son came down calmly and said, "Sir, get up, the ship has struck." Then ensued a scene of fearful confusion. The commander sprang from his bed, overcome by the misfortune, and the crew lost their self-possession. Havelock came on deck, and seeing the state of things, said to the men that if they would only obey orders and keep from the spirit cask they would all be saved. They had to

wait four hours for daylight, and the vessel experienced repeated shocks; but the passengers, crew, and specie, were all saved. When they reached the shore, as narrated by one of the passengers, he called on those around him to return thanks to Almighty God for their deliverance, and himself offered the sacrifice of thanksgiving. He embarked at Galle on the 17th of June, reached Calcutta, where he learned that the whole of the north-west provinces was in a blaze of revolt; that Sir Hugh Wheeler, at Cawnpore, and Sir Henry Lawrence, at Lucknow, were closely besieged by the insurgents, and that it was necessary to send instant relief to them. Havelock was selected for this arduous enterprise three days after his arrival. "May God," he writes, "give me wisdom and strength to fulfill the expectations of Government and restore tranquillity to the disturbed provinces." His preparations were soon completed, though he had lost all his baggage in the steamer; and on the 23d of June, the centenary of the day on which, in 1757, the daring genius of Clive had won the battle of Plassey and laid the foundation of the magnificent colonial empire in India, Havelock started from Calcutta to assist in reestablishing it.

He had now reached the summit of his wishes. In his sixty-third year, after having served in the army forty-two years, he was placed in a position of independent command, and was enabled to direct operations according to his own professional judgment. Had Havelock perished by one of the bullets which whizzed over his head on the paddle-box at Mohamra, or fallen a victim to that deadly climate, his name, after an honorable record in General Orders, would rapidly have passed into oblivion; but he was spared to enjoy an opportunity of exhibiting his preëminent military genius on a scene of surpassing interest, and to achieve victories which have become part of the British national history. He reached Allahabad on the 30th of June, and found that General Neill had rescued the fortress from danger and quieted the neighboring district. But a week elapsed before Havelock could march with any degree of confidence; for he soon learned that Cawnpore had already fallen, and that General Wheeler and his brave companions had been foully and treacherously massacred. Before this intelligence could reach Allahabad, General Neill had pushed forward 700 troops in the hope of saving it. Havelock, knowing that Nana Sahib was now free to march down with his whole force, naturally trembled for the safety of that weak detachment. He marched out of Allahabad at four in the afternoon, on the 7th of July, with

a force of 1,185 men, of whom 1,005 were Europeans, and 180 Sikhs and native irregular cavalry. Of the Europeans, about 700 consisted of the 78th Highlanders, and Her Majesty's 64th Regiment, whom a hundred days before Havelock had commanded on the banks of the Euphrates. The rain was falling heavily as the column passed through the streets of Allahabad, but "like Cromwell's Ironsides, there was a stern determination in the aspect of the men, even in their very tread, which showed the earnestness of the purpose within." They found the country as they advanced entirely under water. For the first three days they took the ordinary marches; on the fourth the force reached a village within twenty-four miles of Futtehpore, when Major Renaud, who was five miles ahead with his detachment, sent word that the enemy was advancing from Cawnpore on Futtahpore, with the evident intention of making a stand there. Havelock could scarcely credit such good tidings. He could not have supposed that the insurgents would move out of Cawnpore and give him the opportunity of beating them in detail. Havelock sent orders to Renaud to fall back with his detachment, and himself commenced his march at midnight, and halted his troops at Balinda to light their pipes and prepare tea. Colonel Tytler, who had been sent on to reconnoiter, soon galloped back to announce the approach of the enemy. That instant the bugle sounded, and the troops fell in cheery and hearty. The artillery opened fire on the enemy, and the skirmishers with the Enfield rifles struck terror into them, and the victory was gained without the loss of a man, with the exception of twelve Europeans who were struck down by the sun. It was nearly one o'clock before the wearied troops, who had marched twenty-four miles and fought a pitched battle on an empty stomach, reached their encamping ground.

"Thanks to Almighty God," Havelock writes, "who gave me the victory, I captured in four hours eleven guns, and scattered the enemy's force to the winds." The streets of the town were choked up with baggage, among which were ladies' dresses, worsted work, and other tokens of murdered women and children, which seemed to make the men wilder for vengeance. The troops halted on the 13th for repose, and resumed their route on the 14th, when the small body of native irregular cavalry, who had become mutinous and dangerous, was disarmed. On the 15th the force came up with the enemy at Aoung. The engagement lasted two hours, and the enemy fought much better, but they were at length driven off the field. No sooner

were the men halted, however, than intelligence was received that the insurgents had retired to a strong intrenchment on the opposite bank of the Pandoo nuddy, or stream, and were preparing to blow up the bridge. The troops were ordered up, and recommenced their march with alacrity. After advancing three miles they reached the stream, which was swollen by the rains to the dimensions of a large river, but the bridge was untouched, though guarded by two long 24-pounders. The troops moved on under a continuous fire, and the enemy's position was stormed. It was owing to Havelock's forethought and promptitude that the bridge was gained before the enemy could destroy it. Had he not advanced instantly, his career would have been arrested for an indefinite period by the stream, on which there were no boats, and which there would have been no means of crossing. The casualties were only twenty-five, but the great loss was that of Major Renaud, who had always led the advance. The wearied soldiers bivouacked for the night on the spot where the last gun was fired.

That night Havelock received information that Nana Sahib in person intended to oppose his entry into Cawnpore at the head of 7,000 men. News had also reached the camp that the women captives at Cawnpore were yet living, and the hope of rescuing them dispelled every sense of fatigue. That night and morning the troops marched fourteen miles, and after cooking and eating their food under the trees, advanced on the enemy at two in the afternoon. The heat was terrific, and at every step some one fell out of the ranks, many never to return. The enemy's position was guarded by artillery at every point. Havelock determined to try his favorite plan of turning the flank of the enemy.

The troops, defiling at a steady pace, soon changed direction, and began to circle round the enemy's left. They were shrouded for some time by clumps of mango; but as soon as the enemy comprehended the object of their march, an evident sensation was created in his lines. He pushed forward on his left a large body of horse, and opened a fire of shot and shell from the whole of his guns. The Highlanders had never fought in that quarter of India before, and their character was unknown to the foe. Their advance has been described by spectators as a beautiful illustration of the power of discipline. With sloped arms and rapid tread, through the broken and heavy lands, and through the well-directed fire of artillery and musketry, linked in their unfaltering lines they followed their mounted leaders, the mark for many rifles. They did not pause to fire—did not even cheer;

no sound from them was heard as that living wall came on and on, to conquer or to die. Now they are near the village; but their enemies occupy every house, and from every point a galling fire is poured on them from the heavy guns. The men lie down till the iron storm passes over. It was but for a moment. The General gave the word, "Rise up! Advance!" and wild cheers rung out from those brave lines—wilder even than their fatal fire within a hundred yards; and the pipes sounded the martial pibroch, heard so often as earth's latest music by dying men. The men sprung up the hill covered by the smoke of their crushing volley, almost with the speed of their own bullets; over, and through all obstacles, the gleaming bayonets advanced; and then followed those moments of personal struggle, not often protracted, when the Mahratta learned, too late for life, the power of the Northern arm. The position was theirs. All that stood between them and the guns fled the field or was cut down.

"Well done, Highlanders," said Havelock, "you shall be my own regiment in future. Another charge like that will win the day." The field was nearly won, but one huge 24-pounder was dealing destruction among the ranks. Six men of the 64th had been laid low by one discharge. Havelock went up to the regiment and addressed a few inspiring words. "That gun must be taken by the bayonet. I must have it. No firing; and remember, I am with you." The troops advanced, the grape from the gun crashing through them; but their charge was irresistible, and the enemy was every-where in flight. "And now the bugle sounds; this time to rest. The wounded were gathered together, and cared for. The sentries commenced their nightly watch, the overwrought soldiers soundly slept for many hours, when a crash that shook the earth awoke them: Nana Sahib had blown up the Cawnpore magazine and abandoned the place."

Such was the battle of Cawnpore, in which 1,000 British troops and 300 Sikhs, after a march of twenty-four miles under a blazing sun, without cavalry, and with inferior artillery, in three hours and forty minutes put to flight 5,000 of the enemy, armed and trained by the British themselves. Havelock always considered this his best day's work, and in no engagement was the superiority of generalship, and the personal daring and physical force of the Europeans more conspicuous. But the prize for which the troops had braved such dangers was lost. On entering the town of Cawnpore they learned that on the preceding day Nana Sahib, enraged by his defeat at the Pandoo nuddy, had ordered the

slaughter of all the women and children. "With every kind of weapon, from the bayonet to the butcher's-knife, from the battle-ax to the club, they assaulted these English ladies; they cut off their breasts, they lopped off limbs, they beat them down with clubs, they trampled on them with their feet; their children they tossed on their bayonets."

Another description says: "The blood lay deep on the floor covered with bonnets, collars, combs, and children's frocks and frills. The walls were dotted with the marks of bullets, and on the wooden pillars were deep sword-cuts, from some of which hung tresses of hair. But neither the saber-cuts nor the dents of the bullets were sufficiently high above the floor to indicate that the weapons had been aimed at men defending their lives; they appeared rather to have been leveled at crouching women and children, begging for mercy. The soldiers proceeded with their search, when in crossing the courtyard they perceived human limbs bristling from a well. . . . Men of iron nerve, who, during the march from Allahabad, had rushed to the cannon's mouth without flinching, and had seen unappalled their comrades mowed down around them, now 'lifted up their voices and wept!'

Having thus taken Cawnpore, Havelock marched against Bithoor on the 19th; but Nana Sahib despairing of a successful resistance, had crossed the river and passed into Oude, leaving fifteen guns behind him, and cattle of every description. His palace was fired, and his magazines were blown up. Havelock, having received all the reinforcements which Neill could spare, crossed the Ganges, by the aid of a little steamer, which had been placed at his disposal. The whole force, consisting of 1,500 men, was united on the left bank on the 25th, and, after completing all the arrangements for advancing to Lucknow, started at five in the morning on the 29th. The men were without tents; the whole country was under water, and the troops could advance only on the high road. After marching five miles, Havelock found the enemy occupying a strong position at the village of Onao. He gave the order to advance, and after a severe struggle the town was gained. As the troops debouched into the plain beyond, they were again threatened by the enemy's cavalry and infantry, but the former had not the pluck to charge, and the latter fled on the first onset, leaving their guns behind them. It was now half-past eleven, and there was a burning sun overhead. The men halted to take breakfast and rest. At 2, P. M., the advance was again sounded, and the troops at length came up to the strongly-intrenched position of Busarut-gunj, a walled

town, with a jheel, or sheet of water, in front, and a larger one in the rear. It was flanked on either side by a swamp, and the road approaching it was commanded by four pieces of cannon, planted on a round tower. But the Fusiliers and Highlanders steadily gained ground, and on coming within charging distance, rushed on with the bayonet, and the town was carried, but the enemy retreated to a village beyond the lake, and kept up an unremitting fire all night. It was six o'clock before the town was captured. The troops had been marching thirteen hours, with the exception of the time allowed for breakfast; they had fought two engagements, and were completely exhausted; officers and men had vied with each other in these terrific struggles; they had suffered severely from heat, cholera, dysentery, and the enemy's fire, and their number had been reduced in two days to 1,200. Havelock was losing at the rate of fifty men a day; he had to convey all his sick and wounded with him; the enemy was continually recruited with swarms of insurgents, and his communication with Cawnpore was certain to be cut off. He determined not to sacrifice the lives of his brave men in a fruitless attempt to reach Lucknow, and most reluctantly retraced his steps back to the banks of the Ganges.

Having sent his sick and wounded across to Cawnpore, and obtained a small reinforcement from Neill, he started again for Lucknow, on the 4th of August, with 1,400 men. He found Onao evacuated, but the enemy was strongly intrenched at Busarut-gunj, where they intended to offer a resolute resistance. On the 5th of August the troops marched up to it, and Havelock having reconnoitered their position, which was very strong, resolved to turn it. The maneuver succeeded; the enemy, taken by surprise, evacuated their first position, and fell back on the second across the lake, which it was impossible to turn. The troops, however, dashed across the causeway, and drove the enemy from village to village. In the evening cholera broke out with violence, and this circumstance, combined with his losses and the strong position of the enemy, induced Havelock a second time to retrace his steps to Mungurwa. Here he lay recruiting for four or five days, but resolved not yet to give up the prospect of relieving Lucknow. On the 11th he started a third time, though his force was now reduced to about 1,000 men, but the same daring spirit still animated them all. Three miles beyond Onao he came upon the enemy, now increased to 20,000, and occupying a line which extended five miles, while his when deployed did not extend more

than half a mile. Maneuvering was out of the question, he must beat them by dint of sheer British pluck, or not at all. His troops dashed among the enemy with undaunted courage, and the victory was at length gained, but it was one of those victories which recalled to mind Pyrrhus's melancholy exclamation. He had lost 140 men out of 1,000, without advancing ten miles toward Lucknow. There was but one course to pursue—to retire to Cawnpore and wait for reinforcements.

At Cawnpore Havelock found Neill threatened on all sides. The Nana Sahib had reoccupied Bithoor in great force, and Havelock found it necessary to dislodge him. He marched to the place on the 16th, and after one of the most severe and well-contested actions of the campaign carried the enemy's position. With this action terminated his first grand campaign for the relief of Lucknow. In this great effort, without cavalry and without tents, exposed to the rays of a deadly sun, and often deluged with rain, and constrained to carry with him every article of supply, he had, in thirty-five days, fought five pitched battles and four minor actions, against an enemy vastly superior in number; yet, under these disadvantages, he had advanced three times toward Lucknow, and struck such terror into the enemy, that his retirement was always unmolested. He found he could gain victories, but for want of cavalry could not complete them; that his enemies were daily increasing, his own force daily diminishing. During the next month, while Sir James Outram was bringing up the reinforcements, he was employed in making preparations for again crossing the Ganges. Outram, who outranked Havelock, arrived on the 16th of September, and with a degree of generosity which will ever be remembered to his honor, determined to leave the credit of relieving Lucknow to the latter, and to accompany him only in a civil capacity. Just before crossing Havelock wrote, "The enterprise of crossing the Ganges, opposed to double my numbers, is not without hazard; but it has to me, at sixty-three, all the charm of romance. I am as happy as a duck in thunder." The army was crossed over in safety, though not without difficulty. It rained in torrents during Sunday, and on Monday morning the force was again in motion, and came up with the enemy's encampment at Mungurwa. The victory was so complete that the insurgents offered no further opposition on the line of march between the Ganges and the Alumbagh, on the outskirts of Lucknow. For three days the troops marched amid a deluge of rain, and at night found but scanty shelter in the miser-

able hovels in the villages. At the Alumbagh the enemy was strongly intrenched, but though the troops had been marching seven hours, it was at length stormed.

On the 25th the British force was in motion at an early hour; for six hours was it engaged in a deadly struggle with the enemy, who fired on them, as they advanced, from every house and inclosure. At the Kaiser Bagh, the palace of the late king, a fire was opened on them of grape and musketry from an intrenchment, under which, as Havelock states in a letter, nothing could live. Here the brave Neill fell mortally wounded. Sir James Outram was wounded; Havelock's son was wounded in the arm; his own horse was disabled by two bullets. Night was coming on, and they were still two miles from the Residency. It was proposed to halt at the Fureed Buksh till the morning; but Havelock so strongly represented the importance of achieving at once a communication with the beleaguered garrison, and restoring their confidence, that it was determined to advance. The Highlanders and Sikhs were called to the front, and Outram, Havelock, and three of their staff, rode at their head, as Havelock wrote, "and on we dashed through streets of loop-holed houses, from the flat roofs of which a perpetual fire was poured. But our troops were not to be denied. We found ourselves at the great gate of the Residency, and entered in the dark in triumph." Then came three cheers for the leaders, and the joy of the half-famished garrison. "Our reception," says one of those present, "was enthusiastic; old men and women, and infants, pouring down in one weeping crowd to welcome their deliverers. Fortunate, indeed, was it for the garrison that the relief was achieved at the time; for one of the enemy's mines, most scientifically constructed, was ready for loading, the firing of which would have placed the garrison at their mercy." The delay of another day must have sealed their fate. This was one of the most arduous days of the campaign, and will be ever memorable in the annals of British India. One-fourth of the force fell; the killed, wounded, and missing amounted to 535.

Counting from the day of his arrival at Allahabad, Havelock had the uncontrolled direction of the campaign for the space of *eighty-eight* days; but this brief period was crowded with achievements which have contributed in no small measure to the glory of his nation's arms, and drawn on him the admiration of the civilized world. For eight weeks subsequently he was employed within the garrison in defending the works, and little opportunity was afforded

for strategics; but all his movements were marked by the same skill, perseverance, and daring which have rendered his career memorable. "Since the day that he had been intrusted with the important command he was now about to resign to his gallant friend and fellow-soldier, General Outram—since the day that he had asked his wife to pray that God would enable her husband to 'fulfill the expectation of Government,' sustained the execution of a mission so congenial to every feeling of his chivalrous nature and supported under baffling disappointments by the testimony of a good conscience—this Christian hero had steadily kept before him the work given him to do; and now that his Heavenly Master had permitted him to see it accomplished, his gratitude found expression in the words of the Hebrew warrior, 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy great name give glory.'"

At length, on the 17th of November, Sir Colin Campbell, with a force of 5,000 men, came up to the relief of the garrison. On the 19th of November Havelock writes: "Sir Colin Campbell has come up and made a complete change. The mail of the 26th of September came in with him, announcing my elevation to the dignity of a Knight Commander for my first three engagements. I have fought nine since—*ubicunque felix*—by the blessing of God." In the same letter he says: "I do not see my elevation in the 'Gazette,' but Sir Colin addresses me as Sir Henry Havelock." The next night he was attacked with dysentery. The "recoil on his constitution," of which he had a presentiment, proved fatal. From the day of his leaving Allahabad he had for twenty-two weeks been worn out with incessant anxiety and exertion, and now that the great object of his labors had been accomplished in the deliverance of the besieged women and children, his constitution sank under the attack of disease. He was taken out to the Dilkoosha, where he was tended with filial affection by his son, who had shared with him the dangers of the campaign, and displayed a spirit of gallantry worthy of such a father. He had been twice wounded, but was happily so far recovered from his wounds as to be able to attend the General in his illness, and to close his eyes. In the letter which announced the melancholy intelligence of his death he says, "My father died on the 24th of November, having been attacked with acute dysentery on the 20th. For two months that we had been shut up in Lucknow, he had been literally starved for want of proper nourishment, and his constitution had not strength to survive the shock. On the night of the 21st he was removed from the garrison

to the camp of Sir Colin Campbell's relieving force at the Dilkoosha Park, where I had the comfort of tending him to the last. God grant that the Christian resignation and the peaceful, confiding reliance on the Master he had so long and so faithfully served, may have a lasting influence on my life! He died in perfect peace. To Sir James Outram, who came to see him on the previous evening, he said, 'For more than forty years I have so ruled my life, that when death came I might face it without fear.' Once turning to me he said, 'See how a Christian can die,' and repeatedly exclaimed, 'I die contented.' The recognition of his grateful country of the noble deeds he had performed, reached us on the 17th, just a week previously, and though his heart was satisfied in the consciousness of the rigid performance of duty—as he has repeatedly said to me—it was no doubt a satisfaction in his last hours. Immediately after his death the corpse was removed to the Alumbagh, where he was buried the next day. Sir Colin Campbell, and numbers of his sorrowing comrades, who had followed him in so many victorious fields, accompanied his remains to the grave."

Havelock's personal appearance was emphatically that of a soldier. Though of diminutive stature, there was a spirit of determination, not only in the expression of his noble countenance, but in the fiery glance of his eye, which marked his character. He was as strict a disciplinarian as Frederick the Great and Wellington, and attached the greatest importance to the principle of implicit military obedience. Hence he was often considered severe, and even stern, by his subordinates; but every feeling of irritation vanished as the time for action approached. He enjoyed the perfect confidence of his men; and his spirit-stirring addresses to them, after the engagements they had shared together, served to awaken feelings of the highest enthusiasm. His utter disregard of danger exceeded the ordinary feelings of courage, and excited the admiration of the bravest. He was never more cheerful or chatty than under fire. He combined, in a singular degree, a comprehensive view of the field of action and its exigencies, with a minute attention to detail, and all his orders were precise and decisive. Though he had acted only in a subordinate position till within five months of his death, his brilliant achievements during that brief career, amid unexampled difficulties, arising from disparity of numbers, deficiency of means and appliances, the discipline and equipment of the enemy, and, above all, the season of the year, showed that he was equal to the highest command and the most arduous enterprises. The predominating

impulse of his mind was the rigid performance of duty, for which he was ready to make any sacrifice, even that of life itself. On every occasion in life, whether in the performance of his ordinary duties, the maintenance of his religious views, or the organization of a battle, his conduct was equally marked by decision. Few men have ever more eminently illustrated the truth, that the fear of God excludes all fear of man.

He was every inch a soldier, and every inch a Christian. His religion was not the mere result of instruction imbibed in childhood, but a strong and living principle, which ever pervaded his mind and regulated all his conduct. His sterling piety, combined as it was with chivalrous daring and military genius, has naturally led to the association of his name with the great men of the Commonwealth, whose worth is the more appreciated in proportion to the liberality of the age. Havelock exhibited all the strength of their religious feelings without any of the vagaries of their enthusiasm. He was a Puritan of the true Cromwellian stamp. There was nothing of narrowness in his religious composition. He delighted to associate in the benevolent labors and the Christian worship of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ. And his name will be held in everlasting remembrance as one who combined in himself the highest qualities of the soldier and the noblest virtues of the man and the Christian.

O for such a man as Havelock—imbued with a Puritanic faith in God, a Spartan heroism, and a Washington's devotion to his country—to rise up and lead our national forces forth to crush with a strong hand and a stern retribution the rebellion which is now striving to destroy the Republic! The rebels have less cause than the Sepoys for the rebellion they have originated. They have rivaled them in the fiendishness of their hate and in the turpitude of their crimes. Coming ages will point to this rebellion as best illustrating the evil genius of the institution from which it sprung, and which will die out with it. Justice, humanity, and true religion are on the side of the nation and demand at our hands the vindication of the great principle of self-government. The people have poured out their money and their men with ungrudging liberality! They are ready to *double*—yea, to *triple* the offering if need be! What, then, is wanting to the consummation of the work? The great want of the nation is not now money, men, nor munitions of war, but a LEADER—a HAVELOCK! Give us LEADERS equal to the emergency, and instead of splendid reviews we shall soon have splendid ACHIEVEMENT.

LITERARY SKETCHES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY REV. DANIEL CURRY, D. D.

"THE LITERARY CLUB."

IN Forster's Pictorial "Life and Adventures" of Goldsmith, the frontispiece to the Fourth Book presents a scene half social and half festive, whose *personnel* comprises some of the brightest lights of English literature. The middle of the dais is occupied by Johnson, reading the manuscript of "The Good-Natured Man," with Goldy at his right hand and Bozzy at his chair's back. Burke with arms folded, and Reynolds all attent, with the inevitable trumpet at his ear, are seen in the group on the right, while Garrick and other notables are on the other side. The scene is, no doubt, a fancy sketch; still it is true to tradition, and its original may be readily located among the haunts of the parties concerned as things really existed at the period there daguerreotyped. Johnson had then attained to reputation and to independence, and had become the center of a group of really-eminent men of letters, then living together in the British metropolis, and forming an informal but closely-compacted association. Goldsmith, after struggling through all the hardships, privations, and humiliations of a professional author without patronage or renown, had, at last, gained an eminence from which he viewed all the world as his own. Burke, who only a few years before began life in London a nameless and penniless adventurer, had not only achieved notoriety as an author, but had also attained to place in the Government. Garrick was the acknowledged Roscius of the British stage, and in winning that position he had also been not unmindful of the income of his profession, though neither his honors nor his riches inclined him to forsake his learned associations, of whose society he was rather an honorary member than an active member. And Reynolds, too, was then at the head of his profession, and, though courted by the great, and his services "commanded" by royalty, he still sought more congenial converse with the friends of his earlier days. Boswell, too, was there, for by the joint agencies of an ardent spirit of hero-worship, not wholly without appreciation, and an unconquerable diligence in effort, to which modesty opposed no obstacle, he had found his way into the inner circle of that constellation of geniuses which he had admired from afar, and in whose splendor he now dwelt like Ithuriel in the sun.

The circle of the *elite* of London, of which these were rather notable specimens, was some-

what extensive, though necessarily indefinite also, and, while the central nucleus of the body was rather compact, the exterior was unorganized, and its constituents often mutually repellent. Boswell used to speak of the "Johnsonian circle," and, with characteristic vanity, exult in the fact that he had found a place in it; but that circle, though its center was easily found, seemed to have no circumference. Though sentiment was not the distinctive feature of that more intimate few, it is quite evident that there was a good deal of real friendship among them. They were nearly all men of the world, conversant with its stern realities, experienced in its vicissitudes, and each earnestly laboring to gain or to maintain a position in it. They were also eminently persons of strongly-marked social characters, and even somewhat inclined to convivialities. Among them was found a very large share of general intelligence, especially in the department of literature, while some of them, as Johnson and Burke, were celebrated as conversationalists, and others, as Reynolds and Garrick, excelled as listeners—a class only less important than the others—while Goldsmith, Boswell, and others would talk when they *could* and listen when they *must*. That such a set should often be found together is quite natural, and we can readily credit the accounts we meet with, and imagine more than is written, about reunions at "The Mitre" and the "Turk's Head," of dinners at Sir Joshua's, and tea-drinkings with Mrs. Williams.

There was still felt among them, however, the want of some easier mode of intercourse than was afforded by these adventitious circumstances, and this felt want soon found out the means for its own satisfaction. A peculiarity of that age was the fashion of instituting voluntary associations, called clubs or societies, for purposes of amusement or instruction; sometimes they were chiefly convivial, sometimes they were exclusively literary, while in other cases they were designed for the religious instruction and edification of their members. [To those of the last-named kind the reader is often introduced in the history of the initial period of Methodism, and that religious system, more especially as it existed in Great Britain in its earlier stages, was but a multiplication and confederation of the "society" as it had before existed under the auspices of some of the more zealous of the metropolitan clergy.] A society of those more intimately associated, of which Johnson was, in some sense, the acknowledged center, was accordingly proposed, and Reynolds, whose labors at the easel during the day made society and recreation the more necessary at night—a want

which his own bachelor home could but partially supply—zealously promoted the scheme. Johnson likewise, who at an earlier period had experienced the advantages of such an association in the Ivy Lane Club, though in less propitious circumstances, eagerly seconded it, and the more so because he now felt the need of some such means of intellectual excitement and mental recreation. The new association was, indeed, fashioned after the model of the older one, and was considered so far a revival and perpetuation of it that membership in the original body was received as a title to a like place in the new one. Of the original members—nine in number—were Johnson, who was at once the Ajax, the Ulysses, and in some sense the Thersites of the host, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Burke, Langton, and Beauclerk, Sir John Hawkins, Dr. Christopher Nugent, and Mr. Anthony Chamier. Johnson was then enjoying the sunniest period of his whole life, having fairly conquered his destiny, and by labors truly herculean gained for himself a lofty reputation, a competence, and a condition of health which was all the more wonderful when his early disorders are remembered. Reynolds, by easier means, had attained to a still higher social position, though with genuine modesty he always seemed to esteem himself unworthy of the honor bestowed upon him by his associates. Goldsmith and Burke were both marked men in the society of the metropolis—the former confessed to be the first of living poets since the death of Pope, and the latter already giving early promise of the powers which have rendered his name one of the most brilliant in British annals. The names of Langton and Beauclerk are inseparably associated with the "set" of which we now write. Like Castor and Pollux, they are always associated, and yet like their prototypes they were counterparts and opposites of each other. Langton was the heir and representative of an ancient family in Leicestershire, in which were cherished the manners and usages of former times, with staid conservative sentiments in both politics and religion. Beauclerk, who was of the ducal family of St. Albans, was gay, gifted, and reckless to the last degree, and so richly endowed with social and convivial qualities that these seemed to compensate for his lack of novelty. In person the pair were as unlike as in character. Langton was very tall, spare, and slightly stooping, and was only saved from awkwardness by the discipline of his youth and the intrinsic dignity of his character, while Beauclerk was of moderate stature, but of faultless figure and a very Hyperion in features and actions. By that strange kind of "natural selection," of which

college life affords so many examples, these two young men "took" to each other at Oxford, and equally strangely they became the mutually-attached friends of the *Ursa Major* of English literature. In the club Langton was the most attentive and most appreciative of listeners, but Beauclerk cared neither to listen nor argue, though his genial humor and his terrible sarcasms made him the best of companions and the most formidable of antagonists. Sir John Hawkins was a London attorney, who also devoted his attention to literature as an amateur, and, strangely enough, he was successful in both amassing a fortune by his profession and gaining position and reputation by his ingenuity and learning. He was a member of the Ivy Lane Club, and, though often treated rather severely by Johnson, he evidently enjoyed a large share of the confidence of the great moralist, and, surviving his early friend, he became both his executor and biographer. Dr. Nugent was a physician of a respectable practice, ingenious, learned, and sensible, of an easy conversation and elegant manners; and Mr. Chamier was a professional financier, liberally educated, and blending the characteristics of the scholar and the man of the world. Such were the original constituents, and such the beginning of one of the most notable clubs of the British metropolis.

It was at first intended that the original number of members of the club should not be increased, but as Mr. Samuel Dyer, who had belonged to the former society, about this time returned from a tour on the continent, he was admitted, and afterward others, though very carefully and sparingly. Dyer, though he left no writings to perpetuate his memory, was a man of mark in the circle in which he moved. The son of a London artisan, he was educated for the Presbyterian ministry, first at Dr. Doddridge's Academy at Northampton, afterward at the University of Glasgow, and finally at Leyden. Returning to London he delayed entering his destined profession, for which it seemed that both his learning and the gentleness of his temper especially qualified him. But he soon after laid aside his Puritanism and set up for a man of pleasure; and, as his exchange had not been without a sense of sacrifice, he appeared determined to make the most of that which he had chosen. It was said that while he would stick at no indulgence from any moral considerations, yet he was careful not to lessen his appreciations of the pleasures of sense by undue indulgence. He could accommodate his conversation to every kind of society, and he seldom attacked the opinions he had discarded, nor attempted to defend those he had adopted, except when as-

sailed. Yet he was a man of a large intellectual grasp, and so ready and apt in argument that his utterances were always treated respectfully.

At the time the club was organized Garrick was traveling on the continent, or else it was supposed he would have been included among the constituent members. When he returned he expressed a wish to be admitted, but the request was made in a way which seemed to Johnson to imply that the great player had but to signify his wish and the members of the club would be only too glad to receive him. This presumption Johnson resolved to punish, and, as a single black ball was a bar to election, in spite of persuasion and entreaty by his fellow-members, ten years passed before he could be admitted. Johnson's treatment of Garrick was often strangely capricious, but seldom so offensive as in that case. As a fellow-townsman and an early and constant acquaintance, as well as for his many real excellences of character, and from personal favors received, he certainly regarded his "Little Davy" with genuine respect, and, though he would himself speak slightly of him, he would allow no one else to do so in his presence. For Garrick's profession, however, he entertained a most thorough contempt, of which, on the contrary, Garrick had a most exalted estimate. The two had come up to London together, both adventurers, and alike poor, and, while Johnson knew the superiority of his own genius in all really-valuable qualities, he saw his associate rising above him by an art which he despised, and commanding the admiration to which he was much better entitled. It is the frailty of genius to belittle itself by envying the success which a superficial world awards to superficial parts and meretricious excellences. Garrick was greatly annoyed at this treatment, and as his chagrin was his antagonist's pleasure, the exclusion was protracted, till its author, from very shame, yielded his opposition.

The club was founded in 1762, and consisted of nine members. Dyer was admitted only a few months later, and the next year two additional members were added—Dr. Percy, author of the "Reliques of British Poetry," afterward Bishop of Dromore, one of the most accomplished scholars of the age, and Sir Robert Chambers. And as the number was now twelve it was determined that that complement should not be exceeded. The withdrawal of Hawkins soon afterward left room for another, in 1768, when Sir George Coleman was chosen. A vacancy was caused by the death of Dyer, in 1772, and as there was a number of equally-eligible candidates, each sustained by his own friends, no less than five additional members

were admitted in a single year—Lord Charlemont, Mr. Garrick, Sir William Jones, Mr. Vesey, and Mr. Boswell—most of them names that will be readily recognized by proficients in the records of English literature. The election of Boswell occasioned no little surprise among both the initiated and the uninitiated, and the difficult task of procuring such an honor for such a candidate was accomplished by the independent coöperation of Johnson and Beauclerk. On the 23d of April, 1773, while Goldsmith occupied the chair for the evening, Johnson proposed the name of Boswell, and it was earnestly seconded by Beauclerk. The members were taken by surprise, and were inclined to receive it as a burlesque, but Johnson pressed the case with characteristic ferocity, declaring in reply to all objections that his candidate was a very *clubable* man, and let it be understood that if he were rejected no other should ever be chosen. The election was set down for the next meeting—a week later—and the interval was occupied by the candidate in an active canvass in his own favor. On the evening of the election Boswell placed himself within convenient reach of the place of meeting, and was pretty soon relieved of his suspense by a message summoning him to the club-room. As he entered he was first accosted by his ever-faithful friend Johnson, who, leaning over the back of his chair, in most formal and solemn terms delivered to the newly-initiated a *charge*, pointing out with humorous gravity the duties required of him as a worthy member of the club.

The place of meeting during its earlier years was at the "Turk's Head" tavern, Gerard-street, Soho, where the sessions were held every week, and extended from seven o'clock to a pretty late hour. The attendance was usually neither full nor punctual, though certain individuals were pretty sure to be there in the course of the evening. Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Nugent, and Dyer were constant attendants. Burke was often absent on account of his business with the House of Commons, and Hawkins soon absented himself altogether. Though the time of meeting was nominally at seven, yet, what with waiting for the tardy, the preliminary business meeting, and the time spent at the supper table, the great business of the evening—conversation—was not fully entered upon before ten. After about ten years the meetings were changed from weekly to semi-monthly, and dinners were substituted for suppers, and soon after the club adopted the practice of having vacations corresponding with those of Parliament. By degrees the reputation of the little nameless association grew up

to greatness, and admission to it was sought by some of the most distinguished persons in the kingdom, and not unfrequently without success. Its first public recognition was some fifteen years after its foundation, on the occasion of Garrick's funeral, which the society attended in a body, having an honorable place assigned them in the funeral cortege, and being named on the programme, "The Literary Club"—a title by which it has ever since been recognized. In 1792 its membership had been allowed to increase to thirty-five, among whom were many persons of distinction—noblemen, dignified clergy, and renowned scholars. In 1810 the whole list of names amounted to seventy-six, of whom forty-three, including all the original ones, were deceased. The Literary Club is still among the living institutions of the British metropolis, but, judging from the character of many of its principal members, it would seem to have become less a convivial society, and more an association of scholars and men of letters. With its later history we have at present no concern.

We began this sketch with a reference to a picture designed to illustrate its subject; we will close with an account of another of like character. There hangs against our *sanctum's* wall an English line engraving, 17 by 22, of which only a few copies have found their way to this country, called "A Literary Party at Sir Joshua Reynolds's." Sir Joshua's dinners formed a point of great interest among those who were so fortunate as to be invited to them, and it would appear that membership in the club was a principal though not the sole title to that honor. The point seized by the artist is that most interesting one at dinner parties, when the business of eating gives place to drinking and talking. But at these dinners it was understood that there should be observed the utmost decorum, and so great was the respect paid to the honored host that men who habitually made such occasions elsewhere seasons of carousal behaved with exemplary decorum at Sir Joshua's. The company may be readily recognized, for of the nine faces presented, six are of those of whom we have now written, and the other three are those of well-known persons of those times. In the foreground, and where the strongest light falls upon the picture, sit Johnson and Burke facing each other, and evidently leading the conversation. At the back of Johnson's chair Boswell is seen, tablets in hand, on which to note the words of wisdom as they fall from the lips of his oracle, while Reynolds bends forward, so as to bring his ear-trumpet conveniently near to his revered and admired guest. Over against Burke sit Garrick, and General Paoli, the Corsi-

can patriot exile, then resident in London, where he was greatly honored. Opposite these, and a little back of Burke's right, leaning forward with his hand upon his chin, is Charles Burney, renowned as the author of the "History of Music," and especially remembered on account of his daughter, Madame D'Arblay; and beyond them is Dr. Thomas Warton, a name intimately associated with the literary amenities of his age, who is having a side whisper with Goldsmith, who is seated at the foot of the table. The faces are said to be not only real portraits of their several subjects, but also accurate likenesses, as certainly they are exceedingly well-executed specimens of art, and the picture in all its parts appropriately illustrates the subject at which we have only glanced.

A MEMORY.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

Do you remember that beautiful day

When the sky was blue and the world was bright?
When we threw all trouble and care away,

And strolled like children from noon to night?

Do you remember the path we took

Down through the meadows and fields of grain?
Alas for the beautiful Summer day!

It is gone and never can come again.

Do you remember the shining lake

Where we launched our boat when the sun was low?
And the dipping oars and the long bright wake

Which we left behind in the water's glow?

Still over the lake the mornings break,

Still the soft wind whispers around its shore,
But alas, alas for the shining lake!

It bears our bark on its breast no more.

Do you remember the Summer woods

Where we sat near the beach that afternoon—
You, and Jenny, and Kate, and I—

And wondered the day could pass so soon?

Still the trees are standing where they stood,
And the mossy seats are as green as then;

But, alas for the beautiful Summer wood!

We shall never sit in its shade again.

Do you remember the lonely pines

Where we watched as the solemn night grew dim?
And the rock where you and Jenny sang—

Have you forgotten the sad, sweet hymn?

Still over the pines the starlight shines,

And the moon looks over the mountain's brow;

But, alas for the lonely, listening pines!

They hear no song but the night wind's now.

Do you ever think of the brighter lakes,

And the deeper woods, and the fairer flowers,
Of that land where the tempest never breaks,

And the years fade not as they do in ours?

God grant that we from our sundered paths

May all meet under those calmer skies—

You, and Jenny, and Kate, and I—

By the shining lakes of Paradise!

THE PRAYER OF AUGUSTA ROSS.

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"I CAN'T make up my mind what to do in this matter," murmured to herself Mrs. Augusta Ross as she dipped a dozen silver spoons into a china bowl of water, the top of which was thickly scattered with flakes of suds.

This was a domestic service which Mrs. Ross was not in the habit of performing, and I am not quite certain that the lady would not have been slightly disconcerted if any of her fashionable up-town friends had called and found her washing her own silver; but the cook was ill that morning, the errand girl had some orders to leave at the grocer's, the chambermaid had been compelled to invade the cook's province, and, as Mrs. Warren Ross kept only three servants for her family of two, she had slipped the rings from her fair fingers and condescended to wash and wipe the breakfast china and silver that morning.

She was a pretty and graceful woman as she stood there in her morning gown of green cashmere, but the smooth young forehead wore a shadow of anxiety and trouble as she communed with herself.

"I see plain enough that Warren's in real trouble with his business, and I know that he feels as though he could n't afford so expensive an establishment as this.

"I've got so that I dread to hand him a bill, and this morning when I asked him for the money for my new cloak and bonnet the look in his eyes fairly startled me.

"And to think, too, that I'd made economy a special point in the matter, and the two cost me only forty dollars!

"I'm so troubled and worried that I'm half resolved to go to him and say, 'We'll just break up here and go off into the country and hire a pretty little cottage somewhere, and keep only one girl, and live as economically as we possibly can till these dreadful times are over.'

"But this would be such a dreadful coming-down, and then what *would* sister Sara say! I have n't the courage to do the thing when I think of her. She'd just believe at once that I'd thrown myself away, and was buried up in the country.

"And then to have all our society talk it over and wonder and pity," and a little shudder went over the lady as she wiped the gilded rim of her husband's breakfast cup.

"And yet it distresses me to see Warren in trouble. He's growing pale and poor every

day, and that absent, anxious look—O, I feel when I see it as though I was willing to sacrifice any thing almost to call back the old, hearty, happy smile to his face in place of the care that I always see nowadays brooding and lurking there!

"Dear Warren! I know that he'd strain every nerve to get me every thing I want, and of course we can't live in a house like this in New York without our expenses running up terribly.

"I know, too, that it's a woman's duty to make every sacrifice for her husband's sake, and that Sara or my society ought to be subordinate to Warren's peace and happiness."

Mrs. Augusta Ross uttered this last sentiment from her heart, and yet it was very hard to live up to the truth which it involved. She was a generous and warm-hearted woman, a faithful and loving wife, but she had been brought up amid the debilitating moral influence of fashionable New York society, and these had warped her character and weakened her judgment. She had not the moral stamina to live up to her clearest and highest instincts in the face of that society amid which she moved, and the dread and fear of the world's opinion, which she had been taught to recognize as her highest law of action made her shrink and fluctuate when duty pointed to any path which required moral heroism and courageous indifference to what people might think or say.

Mrs. Ross's parents had died when she was a child, and just after the marriage of her sister, who was eight years her senior, and with whom the young girl had resided till her marriage, for her parents left no fortune to their daughters. Mrs. Sara Yelton was a worldly, ambitious woman, the whole aim of whose life was to make all the display she could, and to rise in that class of society which represented her world, and these low and sordid aims had slowly eaten and rusted out, as they inevitably must, all that was fair and lovely in the heart of the woman, and made her narrow, cold, and selfish.

It was unfortunate for Augusta Ross that the years which were most likely to mold and give tone to her life were passed under the influence of such a woman. She was impulsive and susceptible, and the warmth and brightness of her nature made her a great favorite with those who knew her. Mrs. Yelton was proud of her pretty and graceful sister, and had very ambitious views regarding Augusta's future.

These had not been entirely gratified in the young girl's marriage; for, although Warren Ross came of an old and good family, the young man had no fortune, and nothing to depend on

but the salary he received in the bank where he was clerk, and occupied a position of high trust.

Augusta's marriage had met with some opposition from her sister, but, though the former was naturally too flexible and yielding, her affections had in one instance made her strong and resolute, and Sara saw that her opposition would be fruitless, and that she must give up her dream of seeing her sister the mistress of a mansion on Fifth Avenue.

Warren Ross had an unblemished name. He was a young man of most winning address, intelligent and fine looking. Mrs. Yelton concluded to make the best of Augusta's choice, and superintended all their arrangements for house-keeping.

The young clerk was very fond and very proud of his wife, and when Mrs. Yelton represented to her brother-in-law that her sister's position demanded a style of living which his salary of twenty-five hundred dollars utterly prohibited, the proud and happy husband had not the courage to set his face against it.

It is true he hinted the necessity for economy very strongly, but Mrs. Yelton always received these remarks in a way which wounded his sensitive pride, and, as her husband offered to "foot half the bills" for furnishing the house, which Mrs. Yelton had selected at a thousand dollars rent, Warren Ross concluded to let her have her own way, and Augusta's pride had been stimulated in the matter, as a young wife's would very naturally be, and she had acquiesced in her sister's arrangements.

And so the happy young pair had gone to housekeeping and continued it for two years, and Warren's salary of twenty-five hundred had only met half the debts which he had incurred each year of his marriage. These debts had pressed heavier and heavier upon the young husband, and the watchful and loving eyes of his wife had seen the new care in his face and suspected the cause; for he could not bring himself to tell her, and there was no possibility of retrenching largely in their style of living, unless they gave up their house and commenced on an entirely-different plan.

And Warren Ross lacked the courage to explain to his wife the real state of affairs, to ask her to give up her sister and her society, leave the city, with its attractions, and go off into the country and settle down in some pleasant cottage there.

"Poor child! it would kill her!" said the mistaken man to himself. But this could not go on always. As the times grew more stringent his creditors grew more pressing, and Warren

Ross looked on all sides for light and help, and could find none.

Mrs. Ross had just placed away the last piece of china when her sister called. She found the lady in the parlor in costly furs and velvet, and she soon announced the object of her visit. It was high time that Augusta should give a party, averred the elder sister. She had not done so for the last year, and was indebted to a host of friends, for Mrs. Yelton still exercised considerable supervision over Augusta's affairs.

"O, Sara, I can't think of it for a moment," broke out Mrs. Ross with an energy which was greatly intensified by her previous reflections.

"The truth is I suspect Warren's in a great deal of trouble, and that he's dreadfully pressed to meet our expenses, and I've been seriously thinking"—determined now she had started to come out with the whole truth—"of breaking up here and going off and settling down in some pretty little country place and living in a style we can afford."

"I hope, Augusta Ross," and the lady bridled her head with indignation, "you'll have some regard for your family before you disgrace yourself in that fashion. Go off and bury yourself in the country, and live in a cottage, and do your own work! I did n't suppose when you married Warren Ross that he'd ever sink you to that!" certain that these words would strike a very vulnerable point.

The fair cheeks of Augusta Ross flushed vividly, but she stood her ground.

"Well, whether I live with him in a cottage or not I would n't exchange Warren Ross for the richest man in the world this day."

"Well, carry your romance as far as you like, only when you go and bury yourself in the country I hope that I may be spared the mortification of meeting any of our mutual friends and explaining to them how far you have fallen," and the lady looked at her watch and discovered that she had only time to get down to Stewart's to fulfill an engagement with a friend whom she had promised to meet there, and the conversation was abruptly terminated, although Mrs. Yelton promised to herself to resume it next day, for Augusta's manner had somewhat alarmed her.

"But I'll prevent this matter," murmured the lady as she got into her carriage. "The very idea! Men are always tormenting their wives over their business."

Mrs. Ross did not go out that day, and her husband and his affairs were constantly uppermost in her mind.

But her sister's words had influenced her, and at last brought her to that state in which she could say to herself, "After all, perhaps I've thought too much of it, and Warren will get out of this trouble as other men do. It would come very strange and hard to live in the country, and our circumstances may not require the sacrifice."

"Then Sara would feel the disgrace so keenly, and think Warren was nobody, and people would talk so. I'll dismiss the thought for the present." And, walking up and down the room as she made this determination, the skirt of Mrs. Ross's dress brushed past something. It was the morning paper which had fallen from the chair where it had hastily been placed.

She stooped to raise it, and as she did so her eyes lighted on a brief account of the trial of a young bank clerk who had proved a defaulter to a considerable amount, and been sentenced to five years in the State's prison. He had occupied a position of high trust in the bank, had hitherto borne an unblemished reputation, had a wife and two children, and his indulgence in a style of living greatly beyond his means was assigned as the cause which led to the commission of his crime. A chill crept through the heart of Mrs. Ross as she read, which fairly amounted to terror when she laid down the paper.

"What if this were Warren!" she thought to herself, and her excited imagination, following on the path of her thoughts, pictured vividly all the misery and agony which the commission of such a crime must bring down on the heads of both. How did she know but, stung to desperation, her noble husband might be tempted beyond his strength and fall!

She did not spurn the suggestion, as her pride would have done at another time. She only felt the remorse, the fruitless self-reproach which must crush out her own life if her husband should fall.

"O, God," prayed the lips of Augusta Ross, "save my husband and I will do all my duty." And in that very hour she resolved that the stern lesson which she had read and the prayer she had uttered should be taken into her heart and bring forth its fruit abundantly.

Warren Ross happened to have in his possession the keys which opened the bank vault that afternoon, for he had been ordered to extract a considerable sum that day, and in the afternoon he was left alone for an hour, and in that hour Satan entered into the heart of Warren Ross.

He glanced at the heavy iron doors, he shook

the keys in his hand, he remembered that there was no mortal eye to see him, and that a handful of gold from that vault would never be missed, and that it would relieve him of the great burden which had been crushing down his life.

He could look his creditors once more in the face, he could breathe free again, and he should not be compelled to witness the pain and mortification of Augusta when the true state of his affairs was made known to her. The dread that his household furniture might be attached, and which had been haunting him for two months past, could now be removed.

"I'm sorry to do this thing," mused Warren Ross. "I would n't have believed two days ago that any thing could have induced me to harbor the thought a moment; but what's a man to do with a wife whom he loves better than his own life, and whom he'd rather die than hear reproach him with poverty and disgrace that he has brought upon her."

"I would n't do it for my own sake, but there's Augusta, and then I do n't intend to steal this money, on my honor I do n't, and I'll enter into some speculation and repay every dollar of it with interest somehow, and when a man's in the tight place that I am he's driven to desperation, and the end must justify the means. I'm safe enough, for even if they should miss so small an amount they'd never think *I* took it," and even then the man felt a glow of pride as he thought that in all the ten years during which he had been in that bank his memory did not hold one deed which could kindle a blush in his cheek.

Warren Ross was very pale as he glanced all around the room, and his limbs shook as he moved toward the door of the vault. The key was in the lock and then—had the prayer of his wife reached the Ear which is never heavy that it can not hear the cry of the children of men?—the man's heart failed him. The great sin which he was about to commit stood clear before him, the key did not turn in the lock.

"O, I can not, I can not do this to-night!" groaned the white lips of Warren Ross. "I will go home to my wife once more an innocent man. Some other time, perhaps, but not to-night—not to-night," and he hurried trembling away as though he dared not trust himself to remain in the way of temptation.

"O, Warren, my dear, dear husband, I am so glad you are come, I have so wanted to see you!"

Augusta Ross met her husband at the sitting-room door that night, and her fair, soft arms

were about his neck, and her soft, sweet lips close to his cheek.

"What did you want me so far, darling?" taking her up in his arms with a thought which he could not tell at his heart.

"O, because I've been laying out a plan today." And then in her earnest, impulsive fashion Augusta Ross told her husband that she wanted to break up housekeeping in the city and go off and settle down in some dainty bit of a cottage in the country, and reduce their expenses to a thousand a year.

"It would be better for the health of both," she insisted, "and they would be as happy as two bees in clover."

"What has put this into your head, Augusta, my wife?" asked the young husband as she paused.

And then, drawing her face down to his, while the blushes and the tears chased over it, Augusta Ross told her husband of the crime of which she had read that day, and of the great, unutterable dread and terror which had seized her heart, and of the prayer that she had uttered, and the resolution that she had made.

And Warren Ross listened in a strange wonder and awe, and then he bowed down his own head till his wife could not see his face, and whispered in her ear the temptation which had well-nigh overcome him that afternoon.

"O, Augusta, it was your prayer that saved me!" he said as she clung shivering to him. And, kneeling down, they thanked God, and the lesson of that day made them each better man and woman for the rest of their lives.

The next week Warren Ross gave up his house in the city, sold most of his furniture, paid the larger part of his debts, and went to live in a cottage in the country, and he and his wife were happier here than they had ever been in their city home.

Dear reader, we have fallen upon hard and trying times, and men are sometimes subjected to fierce and terrible temptations. Fraud and embezzlement from sources most confided in, they tell us, was never so frequent as during the last few years.

Let us remember the lesson which the time teaches, and also remember that the house builded on the rock is the only one against which the winds and the storm will not prevail.

WHAT MAKES HOME.

It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests upon a potato patch or a flower garden. Heart makes home precious and it is the only thing that can.

LONGINGS.

BY MARY E. MILIMAN.

HAD I the power to wake

The golden lyre of song,

Had I the strength to break

These fetters sure and strong,

My soul would chant a song of praise,

My hopes would beam with golden rays.

O, life! my heart is bound,

Is captive, is entombed;

My thoughts a grave have found,

My hopes to death are doomed;

But had I power my song should rise

As nature's songsters to the skies.

I speak, but yet am dumb;

I weep, but no tears fall;

I cry, but echoes come

As answers to my call;

The inner stirrings of my soul

O'er heart and mind like dead weights roll.

O, God, wilt not thou break

These chains that bind my thought;

Or else from mortals take

The gift for which I've sought?

My thoughts are buried in my heart,

Emotions deep from longings start.

I tread on hallowed ground,

I trample o'er the graves

Of fame and power—a mound

Of dust. A few cold waves

Beat roughly 'gainst life's troubled shore,

And then all life, all thought is o'er.

ONLY WAITING.

BY ADA HAWLEY.

ONLY waiting till the night

Merges into dawning light,

Light of pure, celestial ray

Beck'ning me from earth away;

Waiting till the summons come

Bidding me to hasten home—

Home of pure untold delight,

Shadowed by no coming night;

Willing still to watch and pray,

Toiling through the weary day,

Feeling that my Savior's near,

Breathing words of earnest cheer;

Waiting till my course is run,

Till my earthly work is done,

Till at last my crown is won,

Sorrows ended, heaven begun.

PRASE.

PRASE is but virtue's shadow; who courts her
Doth more the handmaid than the dame admire.

LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY R. A. WEST, ESQ.

NUMBER II.

THE EARNEST SEEKER.

MY DEAR ——, Words can not express the delight your letter gave to your mother and myself. Grateful tears have testified to our abounding joy. God is answering our prayers on your behalf. I have never doubted that in his own good time he would yield to our importunity. Sometimes in my anxiety for my dear child's conversion, I have cried out, "How long, O Lord, how long!" but I have never ceased my intercessions, or withdrawn my trust from his promises. When I read the language of your poignant grief—"My heart is breaking because of my sinfulness"—my heart leaped for joy, for I knew that it was a godly sorrow not to be repented of. Be assured, my dear daughter, that not many minutes elapsed after reading your letter, before your glad parents were bowed before God, jointly pleading that he would lift upon you the light of his reconciled countenance, and give you peace and joy in believing.

Greatly do I rejoice, also, that you have written so frankly and fully of your experience in this important crisis of your life. I know something of human nature, and of the temptations of Satan, and how many young people especially have been insnared into struggling alone through the dark hours of conviction of sin, when the sympathy and counsel of those who have passed through the same tribulation would have led them speedily to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Open your heart with like confidence to your Heavenly Father, and he will not long withhold from you his mercy and forgiveness. Be of good cheer, my daughter, "the Lord whom you seek shall suddenly come to his temple," and with his presence shall come light, and peace, and joy.

You say that it is "over the sinfulness of your heart that you mourn," and that "when God first gave you a sight of that chamber of secret imagery, you were stricken dumb with amazement and contrition;" but that afterward you were strongly tempted to qualify the bitterness of your shame and confusion by comparing your general conduct with that of those of your own sex whose lives were outwardly more faulty. This is no uncommon temptation, and has, alas! too often been successfully employed by the enemy of souls. You, however, as the child of Methodist parents, and therefore accustomed from your youth up to attend upon a preëminently-experimental ministry, by being fore-

warned were forearmed against this device of Satan. Conscious that your heart habitually rebelled against the supremacy of Christ, you knew that in God's sight you were guilty and "under condemnation." Now, in the bitterness of your soul, you cry, "O, wretched one that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" You are humbled in the dust by a sense of your sinfulness and guilt. I would not have you, my dear ——, abate one jot of this self-humiliation. You are depraved and sinful, and in the sight of God guilty and unclean. The restraints of domestic training and the force of education have molded your outward character and made it engaging and lovely. But they have not changed your heart, which by nature is "desperately wicked." However faultless your outward life may have been, you are still unreconciled to God; you have no sense of his pardoning love and favor; you have no hold upon eternal life. You are, therefore, at this moment as unsafe as if you had led an openly-wicked and profane life, and you "*must* be born again," or be shut out of the kingdom of heaven. Fear not, then, to go down into the valley of humiliation just so far as the Spirit of God leads you. "Out of the depths" you can still cry unto God, and the deeper your distress the more surely will he hear your cry and deliver you. We are never so near saving faith in Christ as when our sense of sinfulness destroys all trust in ourselves.

Let me caution you, my dear ——, against a mistake in an opposite direction, of the danger of which I think I catch a glimpse in the following sentence in your letter: "Sometimes I am so nearly shut up to faith in Christ that I feel I must believe or perish, and I am almost ready to throw myself upon his mercy; but then I am checked by the fear that I have not repented long enough and deeply enough." This is only another temptation of Satan; but it is one so well adapted to your disposition, that I fear it may at least delay the glad hour when you shall believe upon the Son of God. Let me counsel you to put this temptation away from you. That you may be able to do this, bring the feeling into the light of day. Examine it. You will see that it is cruel to yourself and unjust to God. Stripped of all sophistry, the temptation proposes that you do something to propitiate your offended Maker and Judge. You are to make your repentance in some degree meritorious. You shrink from the thought. Yet this is the real character of the temptation. Satan would fain possess your mind with the idea that you are to weep more, to lament and grieve longer, in order to convince God that you

are sincere. Your very self-abasement is to be perverted into a lengthened preparation of your heart for the welcome visit of the Spirit of adoption. I know of no standard by which the intensity and duration of the repentance are to be measured, other than that your sorrow is a godly sorrow, leading you to abhor yourself, and driving you to Christ for pardon and regeneration. If your repentance is of this sincere and genuine kind, there need be no impediment to your trust in Christ. But if there be some reservation in your loathing of sin, some lurking purpose of compromise in your abandonment of it, some idol in your heart that you are reluctant to cast down and destroy, or some trust in yourself incompatible with the Scriptural plan of salvation, for this, and for this alone, will God withhold from you the joys of his salvation. Examine yourself, then, my dear daughter, and see whether there be this hinderance to your acceptance with God. Do not be afraid to probe your heart to its utmost depths. Fear nothing so much as delay in being reconciled to God. His favor is your life. Do you truly and unfeignedly repent of all your sins? Do you hate sin? Have you utterly abandoned all trust in yourself, all hope of salvation save through the atonement of Christ? Then, indeed, you are not far from the kingdom of God, and I may emphatically say to you,

"Only believe, and yours is heaven."

You need do nothing more, you can do nothing more, in order to salvation. You are on the very threshold of pardon. Knock with the boldness of humble faith, and the door shall be opened to you. "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart, even the word of faith; . . . that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." The condition is easy. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." Do not perplex yourself about definitions of faith. The faith that will save you is a simple *trust in Christ as your atonement*, as having borne the penalty due to your transgressions, and as your Savior. This faith is the gift of God, and he will bestow it upon you the moment your heart is emptied of all other trust than Christ the crucified. Be importunate with God for this blessing. Pray much in secret for it. Secret prayer honors God, and is a grateful offering to him. The very act of retiring to be "alone with God" is a declaration of confidence in him. It is equiva-

lent to saying, "To thee, my best friend, I come, to breathe into thine ear my sorrows, my desires, my hopes; for well I know that in thee only is my strength, and that thou art a friend who cleaveth closer than a brother." If you are often closeted with God, you can not fail to grow in grace, and to carry about with you such a remembrance of those seasons of sacred intercourse as shall preserve you daily from frivolity and sin. It is in secret prayer, too, that your heart can find most unshackled utterance of all its yearnings, and where God will come down and "commune with you from off the mercy-seat and between the cherubim."

Be diligent, also, in attendance upon the public means of grace. I lay little stress upon those adventitious aids to penitents which have come into general use in these days, such as the standing up in the congregation in solicitation of the prayers of God's people, going up to the altar rails, etc. I do not—I dare not—wholly condemn them, for undeniably they have been owned of God. His ways are not as our ways, and he is *sovereign*. What he ordains or approves standeth sure. I can not help thinking, however, that Methodists are in some danger of attaching undue importance to these measures, and of resorting to them habitually and as a matter of course. The fathers regarded them as extraordinary, as useful in special cases, and particularly in breaking the snare which the fear of man bringeth. The sons have almost made them the rule, and it is well if many have not learned to regard them as part of the condition of salvation. I think it likely, my dear —, that you will more profitably wait upon God in the quiet and reserve of your own place in the congregation than by the public demonstrations referred to. At any rate, it is my duty to remind you that God respects neither place nor attitude—so that you are a sincere worshiper—but only the state of the heart. "To that man will I look that is lowly and of a *contrite heart*." In all the means of grace draw near to God with a true heart and in full assurance of faith. Expect to meet the Savior there, and look ever for a present blessing. For this you have God's warrant. He is faithful who has promised, and he will perform. Take him at his word and you shall be blessed indeed.

I can not share in your doubts about the propriety of your attendance upon the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. On the contrary, I think the "table of the Lord" the fittest place for the humble, seeking penitent. I know of no greater help to faith than this holy ordinance. What a volume of encouragement in the touch-

ing language, "The body of the Lord Jesus Christ which was broken for *thee*: The blood of the Lord Jesus Christ which was shed for *thee*!" O, precious truth! O, faith-inspiring words! Beside these visible signs and mementoes of his sufferings, of his atoning sacrifice, of his "cross and passion on the tree," stands the invisible Savior himself, whispering to the penitent's troubled heart, "I suffered this for you." I know a minister of the Gospel, now living and exerting a rare influence in the Church, who received the spirit of adoption at the sacramental table. He kneeled there a penitent. As the wine was poured into the cup, his faith kindled, he beheld the crucified Savior, and believed upon him to his salvation. So true is it, my dear child, that Christ honors that ordinance with his presence, and waits to be gracious to those who observe it "in remembrance" of him. Seek *your* Savior there. There is no prohibition upon that blessed ordinance. The invitation is to all who unfeignedly repent and desire to live a new life. Accept the invitation. You will find it good to be there.

You have done well to commence meeting in class, and have, I think, chosen wisely in the important matter of a class-leader. Mr. — is a gentleman of an excellent spirit, of a sound judgment, and of warm and enlightened piety. I feel sure that he will take a lively interest in your spiritual welfare, and counsel you judiciously. I wish class-leaders with his qualifications were more common with us. Those invaluable "helps" to a godly walk and conversation, which we call class meetings, would not have fallen so largely into disuse had all our "standard-bearers" possessed equal piety, zeal, and judgment with Mr. —. Give him your confidence, otherwise he can be no efficient leader and guide for you. May his counsels and prayers be largely blessed to you!

And now, my dear —, I must commend you to God and the word of his grace. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things, . . . and the God of peace shall be with you." Write me as often as inclination prompts and opportunity permits. Your letters are always welcome, and will now be more so than ever. Speak freely of your religious feelings. I will reciprocate your confidence; so shall we be helpers one of another in our journey heavenward. Let there be no concealment, no shyness, no reserve between us on topics pertaining to our common and dearest hopes. Some one has said that "a want of

familiarity between parents and children on religious matters, and a constrained intercourse between them, are a key to the failure of many parents in their efforts to train up their children in the way they should go, as well as a fruitful source of infidelity in the child. A want of freedom begets a want of confidence mutually, the natural result of which is a loss of religious influence on the one part and filial trust on the other." I fear there is much truth in this, though I am at a loss to understand why it should be thus. Let us, my dear —, not fall into this error. I hope soon to hear that God has put a new song into your mouth, even the voice of praise and thanksgiving. O, rest not till God has spoken peace to your soul! Pray for the gift of faith. May God lift upon you the smile of his favor and make you glad in the day of his power!

Your affectionate father.

LEGENDS OF DUMPLING HILL—TOM BENNET.

BY MRS. SARAH A. MYERS.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Tom set out upon his adventurous journey it was without any settled purpose, so sudden had been the whole transaction. During the day, while under the influence of his excited feelings, there was a sense of exultation that now he was freed forever from the trade he hated and the trammels of village life. He felt himself free; "the world was all before him where to choose, and Providence his guide."

The career of Benjamin Franklin again came vividly before him, and a printing office seemed to form the first step of the ladder on which he was determined to climb. But where should he go? to a country town? No, he would make a bold stroke and try what he could do in the city. New York—if he could reach it, the great emporium of all trade and commerce—he would try his fortune there. He might succeed, and if perseverance and industry could effect any thing he *would* succeed, and if he did not he could but fail. This latter alternative formed no part of his anticipations. He had often heard his friend Nancy quote an old Scotch proverb when any great difficulty presented itself—"Set a stout heart to a steep brae and ye'll climb it;" and, accustomed as he had been to self-command and hardships, he recked little of the privations he was sure to meet.

The evening twilight had gathered into darkness as with a heavy heart he bade adieu to his weeping mother, and, leaving the home of his

boyhood forever, set forth on foot, carrying his bundle, tied to a stick, over his shoulder. He walked briskly forward in order to be as far as possible from the village by morning, encouraged by the benevolent light of the moon, which seemed to smile on the undertaking; but it was not till wearied Nature began to assert her claims that he began to realize truly the magnitude of his undertaking. He was hungry; the small store of provisions he had brought would soon be exhausted; he had no money to pay for a lodging, and—what should he do? Go back to his master? No; every feeling revolted against such a movement; he would persevere; if he failed in one place he would go to another; there was always a livelihood to be procured by industry, and he knew that, possessing this qualification, he was sure to find one.

Seeing some haystacks in a field, and feeling the need of rest, he crept into the shadow of the nearest and was soon asleep, not, however, without invoking a blessing from that Divine Power who, as his simple but priceless faith taught him to believe, ever keeps watch over all, even the most lowly.

When he awoke he found that the brightness of the previous day had melted into rain; a dull mist was enveloping the fields, and with the night had also faded many of our poor Tom's bright anticipations. His heart once became clouded as he thought of the neat cottage he had left, and the weeping and lonely mother, whose only solace he was; he once more began to doubt what was duty, and whether or not he should turn back. Tom, however, was not to be daunted; he considered that, although the path he had now chosen was a most rugged one, yet he had heard that in cities the enterprising rose rapidly into wealth; he wanted to grow rich, that his mother might in her closing days know all the comfort that money secures.

He shouldered his bundle and went on. As the day advanced the mist cleared away, and with it the boy's sadness. It is singular how readily our moods can be changed by what seem mere trifles; nevertheless, there are few who have not experienced such a sudden susceptibility to pleasure, and how much is produced by the character of our surroundings. Our hero was one of those thus operated upon, and he found it, as it really is, a great blessing. Encouraged by the sunshine around him, cheerfulness once more crept into his heart, and, no longer irresolute as to his course, he proceeded hopefully on his way. As it was in the beginning of harvest, when laborers were wanted and wages high, Tom had no difficulty in finding a place. He hired himself to a rich farmer, and

by the end of the Summer was possessed of a sum sufficient to carry him to the great city, where he lost no time in seeking employment, and was so fortunate as to find it readily.

Behold, then, "Tom Patch" in one of the best newspaper offices, filling, indeed, the lowest place in the establishment, but rising every day in the estimation of his employers by the practice of all the virtues secured by the severe discipline he underwent in the village that lay at the foot of Dumpling Hill. The "green boy" had at first a good deal to bear from the lads attached to the printing office; many a practical joke at his expense caused his frame to thrill with indignation, and his heart to burn with desire to retaliate if not to revenge. But never did he yield to this or any other of the temptations into which his comrades would gladly have led him. The stern teachings of adversity had made self-denial easy, and the beautiful Scriptural precept enforced by the arguments of his mother taught him what was true heroism. "He that is slow to anger is greater than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit better than he that taketh a city," was his rule in his office life; and as his employers saw something beyond the surface, the "green lad" was gradually promoted over the heads of the others, who were thus forced to respect what they could not imitate.

We can not take time to follow him in his upward career, but only mention that through the facilities afforded in our happy country to the upright and enterprising, the barefooted "butt" of the Dumpling Hill boys in a few years rose to fill one of the highest offices of his native State.

CHAPTER VI.

Six years had passed away since Tom had fled from his native village, to which he never returned; but that time had brought great changes to the fugitive lad. He had grown up into manhood with all the good qualities which his youth promised ripened into maturity, while the stern teachings of adversity, which he never forgot, enabled him to keep the less amiable propensities, from which no one is free, in proper check. He had become tall and slender, and, as our hero, we ought to say, handsome. He would not, at first sight, have struck any one as being so; but if the eye was at first dissatisfied, it could not long remain observant of his face till it was struck with its expression, varying as it did with every emotion of its owner. Gentlemanly, a gravity almost mournful, steadiness of character, mingled with singular sweetness, was not legibly written on every feature; the "cake

woman's son" had risen in the world, but prosperity had not spoiled him. Such as we describe him he remained through life, and if time allowed us we could recount many deeds which would exalt him as a Christian. He was at this epoch twenty years old, and had made his way so far in the world as to have provided a comfortable home in New York for his mother. Plain in his dress and frugal in his habits, he had no trouble in getting along. He often worked at extra times fourteen hours in the day, and from his temperate mode of life was able to do so without injury to his health. He wished to study law, and "wherever there is a will there is a way;" industry, a good reputation, tact, and steadiness all lent their aid; he was at length admitted to the bar, and became conspicuous as a jurist.

Fifteen years urged on their flight, and brought many changes to the villagers at Dumpling Hill, opening flowers of pleasure to some, blighting the hopes of others, and gradually ripening all for eternity. Tom's early friends, Nancy and the schoolmaster, were still living, and had received many a substantial token of Tom's regard; he was not one to forget the kindness shown him when days were dark and friends few.

The sun of the Tompkins family had in the mean time rather paled. Mr. Tompkins's business had failed, and they were living in the village, but in great poverty. George had finished his college course, and was practicing law in one of the northern counties, where he might have done well but for his inordinate laziness. A political friend coming into power, he obtained an office, on the salary of which he could live, and this being the case he gave himself no farther trouble to work, except once in a while he would write a political squib, in which accomplishment he rather excelled. It happened that our friend Tom was nominated as a candidate for a very high office, and as usual a great deal was said in the newspapers for and against him. His lowly origin was hinted at, but it neither wounded our brave hero, who felt that "honor and shame from no condition rise," therefore, instead of being ashamed rather gloried in having once been poor, nor did it cast any shade over his good name in the eyes of the well-judging. He had battled nobly and successfully against the greatest disadvantages and conquered fortune.

George Tompkins, his old enemy, had never forgotten the humiliating defeat he received on the last day of Tom's sojourn at Dumpling Hill; he was, therefore, most violent in his opposition. What made the matter worse for him was this: if Tom Bennet should be returned as the successful candidate, the office held by George was in his gift; he felt that he could not afford to

lose it as well as no right to expect it, and, determined never to ask it, he spared no pains to ruin his election, and even stooped to falsehood to accomplish what he so much wished.

"What, such a fellow as Tom Bennet get so high an office!" he would urge. "He shall not, no, never if I can help it."

"I would not be so violent," urged one of his friends, "you may lose your office, or be obliged to ask it of him at last."

"Ask an office or any favor of my father's bound boy!" he cried in a tone of disdain. "I will starve first."

And now nothing could exceed the abuse poured upon the head of our hero during the time of canvassing before the election. Lampoons, songs, political squibs, stump speeches, and caricatures were poured forth in showers; but nothing moved Tom from his calm steadiness or provoked a reply.

The election came off; Tom was successful; his majority was sweeping, and no one for a long time had secured the office so honorably. George Tompkins, however, remained as bitter as before, although certain of a removal; for what else had he to expect from one whose life for years he had imbibited, and latterly insulted, but that he would now wreak his vengeance by turning him out? Want might stare him in the face; he would not accept the beggarly office from him, no, that he would not. The political excitement had abated—the new office-holders had taken their places—the old were gradually being supplanted. George Tompkins, notwithstanding his boast, trembled whenever the mail arrived, but as yet no successor had been named. He knew not what to think; he knew, however, how he would have acted had he been in Tom's place; he would have made his enemy feel his power, the first act of which would have been to turn him out at once.

Things were in this state when the wife of George Tompkins found herself traveling homeward from a trip to the far West, where she had been on a visit to her parents. She was an innocent and pretty little woman, but rather thoughtless. Brought up in the country, she was guileless and unsuspicious; and, being rather disposed to be talkative, and wanting tact, she was apt to make sad mistakes in conversation. She had had company part of the way, but the latter part of the journey had to be performed alone to a certain point, where she expected her husband to meet her. Traveling in those days was not so easy as at present; cars and railroads were unknown, boats and fast-line stages were the fashionable modes of conveyance. On parting with her friends at —— she found herself

the only female on board the boat; there were, however, several gentlemen, from several of whom she experienced that courtesy which every American woman feels to be her due. One or two, however, were more assiduous in their attentions than politeness required; the consequence was she became exceedingly annoyed. One of the party, a tall, slender man, with straight black hair and sallow complexion, but with a pair of brilliant eyes which beamed with a most benevolent expression, observed her embarrassment, and interposed his protection between her and her intrusive companions, but in such a quiet and gentlemanly manner as to seem almost paternal. How she thanked him in her heart; how grateful for the respectful kindness he extended to her, none but those who have been similarly situated can tell. Yet she did not know who he was; although observing that he was treated by the gentlemen of the party with marked respect, she had not heard him addressed by his name, and, expecting to part with him at every stage, she did not care to inquire.

At length the boat reached Pittsburg, and the rest of the way was to be performed in stages, and once more Mrs. Tompkins found herself the only female of the party, shut up in a stage-coach with a number of men, some of them rather rough, to cross the mountains. To her great joy, however, she recognized her respectful protector on the boat among the number. He bowed, and, addressing her by name, bade her consider herself safe under his protection till she reached —, the town where her husband was to meet her.

The stage was hardly in motion till the party began to discuss politics and the late election with great warmth, and the names of the fortunate or defeated candidates were freely talked over, and among them Bennet was named, but without remark. Tom's character was known to her, although she had never seen him, and, judging it by her husband's medium, she considered that the world hardly contained such another monster as Tom Bennet. Accordingly, mingling in the conversation, she expressed her opinion of the new —, described him as being of low and mean birth, and thought it a miserable feature of our great republican government that men of no education, bound apprentice-boys, and fellows that could hardly write their own names should fill the best offices in the State, while those who were college-bred had to ask favors from them, and concluded by declaring how much her husband had opposed his election. "Yes," said she, "to think, too, that such a fellow has the power of taking the office from

us, that which we are wholly dependent on for our present support. Mr. Tompkins is not in good health, and does not know what to do if he is turned out, but he will never condescend to ask a favor from such a fellow as Tom Bennet."

There was a general hush for a few moments; it was only broken by the benevolent stranger's asking in a calm and most gentle voice, "Do you know Tom Bennet—have you ever seen him?"

"No, nor do I wish to see any one I despise as much as I do him."

"It is wrong to form hasty opinions," rejoined the stranger in the same calm voice; "for men, I have found, may be honest, though they differ, and if ye knew Tom Bennet you, too, might not find him altogether so bad as you now think him;" and suddenly turning to the gentleman who sat nearest to him, asked him a question on a subject so entirely irrelevant to the last discussed that there was no possibility of returning to it.

The journey continued for twenty-four hours longer, the stranger not in the least abating the respectful courtesy which had all along marked his behavior to the unprotected lady, and which had won unqualified gratitude from her. On the following day they reached the large town of —, where the stranger told her his family were at present residing.

"You are fatigued," said he, "and you have still a long journey before you; will you not stop and rest for a day or two at my house? I know you, although it seems I am a stranger to you; but my wife will be glad to see you, and do all in her power to make you comfortable."

Mrs. Tompkins looked into the stranger's face to see if he was really in earnest, but the only expression that met her inquiring gaze was one of grave and almost mournful thought, mingled with another of almost womanly sweetness. She declined the invitation, however, urging her great anxiety to be at home, and expectation of meeting her husband at the next stage; but, after expressing her warmest thanks for his truly-acceptable kindness during her lonely travel, she added, "And now, sir, will you not add to the obligation by letting me know to whom I am so much indebted? What name shall I mention to my husband as that of the gentleman who saved me from such unpleasant annoyance in the earlier part of my journey?"

The stranger hesitated; a bright blush overspread his speaking face, but the beautiful dark eyes still retained their singularly-sweet and benevolent expression. In an instant, however, the blush had vanished, and there was not the

least emotion exhibited in the calm voice in which he answered, "You may tell him it was Tom Bennet!"

The stage went on, and bore Mrs. Tompkins safely to her home, when she detailed the circumstances to her husband without reserve. George made no remark whatever, but we leave the reader to conjecture the feelings of both when, two days after, a packet arrived by mail containing a reappointment to the office of — for —. George was completely vanquished; if Tom, who had been so greatly outraged, could forgive he certainly was the noblest of men, and, although he would not condescend to ask for the office, he would condescend to ask his pardon, for he now felt how badly he had acted to one so greatly his superior. He wrote to his former enemy, acknowledging his error, and begging that, being forgiven, all might be forgotten. He received such a reply as might be expected, the missive concluding with these words, "Believe me sincere, George, when I say I write injuries on sand but favors on marble; for in my early lessons at Dumpling Hill I read that the great Founder of the Christian faith was asked, 'Lord, how often shall my brother sin, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times, but until seventy times seven.'

Reader, our story, which is no fiction, is done. What more need be said, but that evil being overcome with good, and by the true heroism inculcated in those glorious precepts which when practiced never fail of working rightly, the enmity which existed through boyhood even into middle life was changed into good-will and friendship, which subsisted throughout life! The principal characters have long since passed away, but the remembrance of the good deeds done by one still lives. We have told the story, hoping that our readers may coincide in our estimate of what is true heroism, and also that it may encourage the feeble, bring hope to the hopeless, and exert to energy the despairing. The most helped of Providence, the Germans say, is he who helps himself, and there is no storm so great that a true and courageous heart can not live through it, and, it may be, like our hero, prove conqueror at last. To all on earth let the watchword be precious—Despair not, hope ever, endure all things, for he who fears God and loves his brother man shall surely find his reward in the happiness insured by the steady performance of duty.



MEET errors with love and conquer them by forgiveness.

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

BY MRS. C. A. POWERS.

LAST night as I slept I dreamed, mother,
Of a strangely-beautiful land,
Where the crystal waters were dimpled o'er
With sunny waves that danced to the shore,
While they kissed the violets o'er and o'er
That bloomed on the golden strand.

I gazed till my eyes grew dim, mother,
On the beauteous silver tide,
And longed to drink at the fountain bright
That waters the garden of living light;
But an angel clothed in purest white
Stole softly up to my side.

There was a glory on her brow, mother,
As she smiled my wonder away,
And showed me instead of the silv'ry tide
A river, whose waters were deep and wide,
And 'neath its dull waves did the sea-snake glide,
While it scattered the foaming spray.

Then I trembled for very fear, mother,
But quickly she glided o'er,
Nor dipped her wing in the dark, cold flood
That rolls this side of the garden of God,
Then meekly folded her pinions and stood
All bright on the opposite shore.

Then she pointed me far beyond, mother,
To a white-robed, seraph throng,
Whose brows all wreathed in heavenly smiles
Did me of my weak fears beguile,
And I stood to hear—entranced the while—
Them pour their joyous song.

And from the white-robed band, mother,
Two beauteous, starry eyes
Looked into mine from their azure depth,
While I stood amazed with half-drawn breath,
For I knew 't was brother in glory dressed
All radiant in the skies.

And beautiful sister was there, mother,
Enrobed in spotless white,
While the gems that flashed from her shining hair,
Than purest crystals were far more fair,
And I wept that I might not stay and wear
Such robes in the fields of light.

Then I saw a great white throne, mother,
While around and on either side
Was a convoy of brightly-shining ones,
Who needed no light of the glorious sun,
While through the magnificent arches rung
Sweet praise to the Lamb and his bride.

I waked, and lo! 't was a dream, mother;
Mere fancying of the brain;
But I long to sleep and dream once more
Of the crystal tide and pebbly shore,
Where the sainted millions for evermore
In shadeless glory reign.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BY REV. JOHN MOORE.

OF the many poets that appear there are but very few worthy of the name. To be a poet of a high order requires a rare combination of qualities, both natural and acquired. The true poet, in an important sense, must be born, not made, and must be trained to habits of thought and feeling of a pure and elevated character; he must have sentiment combined with thought, and be fervidly religious, and have a deep sympathy with *man* as such.

There is no living American poet, and I may say English, that so fully embodies these qualities as John G. Whittier. There are others more learned and artistic, and who receive more flattering expressions of honor and appreciation from the literary world, but no one moves us like him. We may well be proud of our Bryant, our Longfellow, and others, but their productions do not awake our thoughts and kindle our feelings as do those of Whittier. De Quincey divides literature into two departments—that of knowledge and that of *power*. The latter not only informs but *moves*, and to it eminently belong the writings of our Quaker poet.

John G. Whittier was born in 1808, in the town of Haverhill, Massachusetts. He thus speaks of his early home, where his ancestors had lived for several generations before him: "The old farm-house nestling in its valley, hills stretching off to the south and green meadows to the east; the small stream that came noisily down its ravine, washing the old garden wall, and softly lapping on fallen stones and mossy roots of beeches and hemlocks; the tall sentimental poplars at the gateway; the oak forest sweeping to the northern horizon; the grass-grown carriage-path, with its rude and crazy bridge; the dear old landscape of my boyhood lies outstretched before me like a daguerreotype from that picture within, which I have borne with me in all my wanderings. I am a boy again."

He attended the district school, labored on the farm, made shoes, and wrote pieces of poetry, some of which appeared in the Haverhill Gazette, till he was eighteen years of age. At that age he began to attend the town academy, which he continued to do for two years. He never excelled as a shoemaker, but still he belongs to the considerable number of literary men that the craft claims as having been more or less identified with it. Soon after completing his studies at the academy he became editor of a paper in Boston, and not long after served

one or more terms as a member of the Legislature. He afterward edited for some time a paper in Hartford, Connecticut. In 1836 he was appointed Secretary of the American Antislavery Society, and became editor of the Pennsylvania Freeman, published in Philadelphia—a paper advocating the principles of that body. That was a period in the antislavery cause that required a very high degree of the martyr spirit. It was while he was editor of that paper that Pennsylvania Hall, which was dedicated to "free discussion, virtue, liberty, and independence," was destroyed by a pro-slavery mob. But Whittier never flinched, his principles and sympathies being the same then as they are now. Some of the lines on which my eye now rests, which he wrote in remembrance of the late excellent Joseph Sturge, might be applied to himself then and since:

"Tender as woman; manliness and meekness
In him were so allied
That they who judged him by his strength or weakness
Saw but a single side.
Men failed, betrayed him, but his zeal seemed nourished
By failure and by fall;
Still a large faith in human kind he cherished,
And in God's love for all."

His "Voices of Freedom," published more than twenty years ago, seem now peculiarly fresh and loud. This is the poetry of liberty, which will live when the productions of narrow minds and fossil hearts shall sink into oblivion. These pieces, published in a volume, and others that have appeared from time to time through the periodical, have exerted a mighty influence in awakening and cherishing the spirit of liberty in this country, and will continue to do so after slavery shall have been swept from the land. One of his poems pertaining to this subject, which I committed to memory some eighteen years since when a lad, now comes up before the mind with renewed freshness and force on account of the gigantic conflict that is now going on in our country between slavery and freedom, a part of which I here insert:

"Pride of New England!
Soul of our fathers!
Shrink we all craven-like
When the storm gathers?
What, though the tempest be
Over us lowering,
Where's the New Englander
Shamefully cowering?
Graves green and holy
Around us are lying—
Free were the sleepers all,
Living and dying!
Up to our altars, then,
Haste we, and summon

Courage and lowliness,
Manhood and woman!
Deep let our pledges be,
Freedom forever!
Truce with oppression—
Never! O, never!
By our own birthright gift,
Granted of heaven—
Freedom for heart and lip,
Be the pledge given!"

But liberty is not the only subject on which he has written; numerous others have employed his pen, some of which most other eminent poets have regarded as beneath the dignity of the muse. Like Wordsworth, he writes on subjects connected with nature and common life, and clothes them with fresh and suggestive interest. Different branches of productive industry have employed his pen. His "Songs of Labor" are addressed to ship-builders, shoemakers, drovers, fishermen, huskers, and lumbermen.

The last volume from his pen appeared about a year since, and is entitled "Home Ballads and Poems." Among the subjects in this are the "Witch's Daughter," "Skipper Ireson's Ride," "The Truce of Piscataqua," "Trinitas," "My Psalm," "Brown, of Ossawatomie," "The Preacher," and "The Quaker Alumni." This volume has not only added highly to the author's fame in this country, but has called forth high praise abroad. The London Athenum, one of the highest literary authorities in Great Britain, and which has been generally very severe in its criticisms on American books, commends it in very high terms, devoting to a review of it nearly four of its columns. It says: "Here is poetry worth waiting for—a poet worth listening to. Mr. Whittier may not ascend any lofty hill of vision, but he is clearly a seer according to his range. His song is simple and sound, sweet and strong. We take up his book as Lord Bacon liked to take up a bit of fresh earth, wet with morning and fragrant with wine. It has the healthy smell of Yankee soil with the wine of fancy poured over it." It says further: "No American poet has more of the home-made and home-brewed than Mr. Whittier. His poetry is not filtered from the German Helicon, it is a spring fresh from the New World nature, and we gladly welcome its sprightly runnings."

Whittier has four elements which lie at the foundation of his power and success as a poet. He is always in *earnest*, he never seems to write for the sake of writing, but because he can not help it. His soul is kindled with his subject, whatever it may be, and therefore thoughts breathe and words burn. He has a deep sym-

pathy with man as man. This is essential to genuine poetry as well as to the highest kind of eloquence. He feels an interest in all, irrespective of complexion or condition. Wherever he sees a man or woman he recognizes a brother, a sister, possessing inalienable rights, which from the depths of his soul he is ready to defend. He remembers the slave in his bonds as bound with him. His heart is as large as the race. He is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of *freedom*. The true poet as well as orator must be inspired with this. The spirit of despotism does not occupy a single corner of his soul; he hates oppression and loves liberty. Whittier is deeply *religious*. As the religious sentiment is the strongest in man, poetry, to be living and moving, must be pervaded more or less with it. Though the poet may glitter and blaze like an iceberg in the sun, without this sentiment he is as cold. No one can read Whittier's poetry without being convinced that he is a man of fervid religious feeling. Such poetry as his could only emanate from a soul that holds communion with the Infinite Mind, and draws life and inspiration from that fountain.

Mr. Whittier feels evidently a deep interest in the war now in progress in our country. Though he does not shoulder arms himself, our Northern or Federal army no doubt has his best wishes and prayers for success, while he is still ready to combat slavery with that powerful weapon, the pen. The following lines, which emanated from him not long since, suggested by General Fremont's proclamation in Missouri, are indicative of his state of mind respecting our national crisis, as well as full of truth adapted to the times:

"Thy error, Fremont, simply was to act
A plain man's part without the statesman's tact,
And taking counsel but of common-sense,
To strike at cause as well as consequence.
So take thou courage! God has spoken through thee,
Irrevocable, the mighty words, Be free!
The land shakes with them, and the slave's dull ear
Turns from the rice-field stealthily to hear.
Who would recall them now must first arrest
The winds that blow down from the free North-West,
Ruffling the gulf, or, like a scroll, roll back
The Mississippi to his upper springs.
Such words fulfill their prophecy, and lack
But the full time to harden into things."

Our poet's present home is in Amesbury, Massachusetts, to which place he removed from his early home about twenty years since, soon after the death of his father. He has never been married, and his house is kept by an unmarried sister. During his residence there he has not been burdened with the responsible

editorship of any paper, though he was for several years the corresponding editor of the National Era, published in Washington, in connection with contributing largely for several other periodicals. He avoids public notice as much as possible, and seems to have no desire for popular applause. His modesty and diffidence are most marked. His diffidence is so great that awhile since, when he wrote his poem for the Friends' School Anniversary, held in Providence, he had to secure a friend to read it on the occasion. His habits are simple and wants comparatively few. His writings yield him a moderate income, probably sufficient to supply his wants. Though not rich in this world's treasures, he is rich in the *highest sense*, having a soul stored with golden thoughts and noble impulses, ever ready to express themselves in corresponding deeds as well as in verse. May he long live to be an honor to American literature at home and abroad, and to defend the rights of the oppressed in this and all other lands!



THE DISCONTENTED FIR-TREE.

TRANSLATED FROM HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

BY LUILLA CLARK.

OUT in the forest stood a pretty little fir-tree. It had a good place. It could get the sun; there was air enough, and round about grew many larger trees, firs as well as pines.

But the little fir-tree wished very much to become larger. It did not care for the warm sun and the fresh air; it did not concern itself about the peasant children who gathered chattering about it when they came out to pick strawberries and raspberries. They often came with a whole vessel full, or with berries strung on a straw, and then they seated themselves near the fir-tree and said, "Really how pretty the little thing is!" But the tree could not bear that.

In the following year it was one long limb larger, and the year after it was larger by still another, for on fir-trees one can always, by the number of offshoots, see how many years they have been growing.

"O, that I were only so large a tree as the others," sighed the little tree, "then I could spread abroad my branches, and with a crown look out into the wide world. The birds would then build nests in my branches, and when the wind blew I could nod in such a distinguished way, just like the others yonder."

It had very little joy in the sunshine, in the

birds, and the rosy clouds which morning and evening sailed over it.

Then it was Winter, and the snow lay sparkling white round about, and a hare came repeatedly and leaped over, utterly regardless of the little tree. O, that was so vexatious! But two Winters past, and on the third the little tree was so large that the hare was obliged to leap around it.

"O, to grow! to grow! to become large and old, that is still the only beauty in this world!" thought the tree.

In the Autumn wood-cutters always came and felled some of the largest trees. This happened each year, and the young fir-tree, which was now very well grown, shuddered at it, for the great splendid trees fell with crash, and crackled to the earth; their branches were hewn off, so that the trees looked quite naked, long, and slender, and could hardly be recognized. Then they were put upon wagons and drawn off out of the wood.

In the Spring, when the swallows and storks came, the trees asked them, "Do you know whither the trees were taken? Have you not met them?"

The swallows knew nothing of them, but the stork looked thoughtful, nodded the head, and said, "Yes, I really believe I do. Many new ships met me as I flew out of Egypt, and on the ships were splendid masts—trees which, I suppose, must have been they, they had the fir odor. I often saluted them—the splendid, splendid things!"

"O that I were only large enough to sail over the sea! Really, though, what is the sea like, and how does it look?"

"O, it would be too tiresome to tell you," said the stork, and therewith went away.

"Rejoice thou in thy youth," said the sunbeam, "rejoice in the fresh growth of the young life that is in thee."

And the wind kissed the tree, and the dew wept tears over it, but the fir-tree did not care for that. When it came toward Christmas time very young trees were felled—trees which were often not even so large or so old as this one which had neither contentment nor repose, but was always wishing for something. These young trees, and they were always just the most beautiful, retained all their branches; they were laid upon wagons, and horses drew them away out of the wood.

"Whither do they go?" asked the fir-tree; "they are not larger than I. Indeed, one was there which was much smaller. Why do they retain all their branches? Where do they take them?"

"We know! we know!" twittered the sparrows. "Down in the city; we have looked in at the windows. We know where they go. O, they arrive at the greatest splendor and glory that one can think of! We have looked into the windows, and have learned that they are placed in a warm room and are adorned with beautiful things, golden apples, royal cakes, playthings, and many hundreds of lights."

"And then?" asked the fir-tree, and trembled in all its branches; "and then—what happens then?"

"Indeed, we have not seen any more; but that was unparalleled."

"If I am but destined also to tread this shining way!" exulted the fir-tree. "That is still better than to go over the sea. How I suffer with longing! Would it were already Christmas! Now I am as large as those that were carried away the last year. O, that I could be first upon the wagon! That I were already in the warm room with all the beauty and splendor, and then—yes, then there must come something far more beautiful. Why otherwise would they adorn me so? There must be something greater still. There must come something still more splendid. But what?"

"Rejoice in us," said the air and the sunshine; "rejoice in the freedom of thy fresh youth."

But he by no means rejoiced, yet grew and grew. Winter and Summer he stood, green—dark green there he stood, and the people who saw him said, "That is a beautiful tree." And at Christmas time he was felled first of all. The ax pierced deep through the heart, and the tree fell to the ground with a sigh; he felt a pain, a weakness, he could not think of any bliss any where; he was troubled to be obliged to part from home, from the place upon which he had grown. He knew that he should see no more his beloved companions, the little bushes and flowers round about; yes, perhaps not even once again the birds. The departure was by no means pleasant. The tree first came to himself as he, unloaded in the court with other trees, heard a man say, "This one here is magnificent. We need only this."

Now came the servants in full array and carried the tree into a great, beautiful hall. Round about upon the walls hung pictures, and there were great Chinese vases and swinging chairs, silken sofas, great tables full of picture-books, and toys for a hundred times a hundred dollars—at least so said the children. And the fir-tree was set in a great vessel filled with sand; but no one could see that, for it was hung about with green boughs, and stood upon a great, gay-colored carpet. How the tree trembled!

"What will happen now?" The servants as well as the maidens adorned him. Upon one branch they hung little nets cut out of colored paper, and each net was filled with confectionery; golden apples and walnuts hung down upon it as if they grew there fast, and more than a hundred red, blue, and white lights were stuck fast in the branches. Puppets, which looked like real men—the tree had never seen such before—hovered in the greenness, and high overhead upon the summit was set a star of golden tinsel; that was splendid! very extraordinarily splendid!

"This evening," they all said, "this evening it will shine."

"O," thought the tree, "would it were already evening! Would that the lights might be soon kindled! And what happens then? If the tree could but come out of the wood to see me! If the sparrows might but fly against the windowpanes! If I might but stand fast here and be adorned Winter and Summer!"

Yes, he did not anticipate misfortune; but he had downright backache, and backaches are for fir-trees as bad as headaches for us people.

Now the lights were kindled. What glory! What splendor! The tree trembled so in all its branches that one of the lights burned the foliage—it was badly singed.

"God preserve us!" shrieked the maidens, and hastily extinguished the light. Now the tree dared not quiver at all. O, that was a pity! It was afraid of losing some of its adorning. It was quite confused with all its splendor. And now the folding doors were opened, and a multitude of children rushed in as if they would upset the whole tree. The other people came thoughtfully after. The little ones stood quite astonished, but only for a moment. Then they exulted again, so that all resounded. They danced about the tree, and one gift after another was plucked off.

"What are they doing?" thought the tree. "What will happen?" And the lights burned down close to the branches, and as fast as they burned down they were extinguished, and then the children obtained permission to plunder the tree. O, they rushed upon it so that all its branches cracked, and had it not been made fast with a spike it would surely have been upset.

The children danced about with their splendid toys, but no one noticed the tree except the old nurse, who came and looked between the branches, but only in order to see if a fig or an apple had been forgotten.

"A story! a story!" cried the children, and drew in a plump little man to the tree, who seated himself just beneath it.

"Here we are in the verdure," said he, "and besides the tree may have nuts upon it to hear. But I will tell you only one story. Will you hear that of Iveda Aveda or that of Klumpe Dumpe, who fell down the stairs and yet came to honor and obtained the princess?"

"Iveda Aveda," cried some. "Klumpe Dumpe," cried others. What a cry and shriek that was! But the tree kept itself quite still and thought,

"I have no share in that. I shall have nothing to do with it." He had been a sharer, but had finished. What should he do now?

And the man told about Klumpe Dumpe, who fell down stairs and yet came to distinction and obtained the princess.

And the children clapped their hands, and cried "More, more!" They wished to hear also the story of Iveda Aveda, but they obtained only that of Klumpe Dumpe.

The fir-tree stood very silent and thoughtful. The birds in the wood had never told any thing like that.

"Klumpe Dumpe fell down stairs and yet obtained the princess! Yes, yes; so it goes in the world too," thought the fir-tree, and believed that it was true, because he was so nice a man who told it. "Yes, yes, who knows? Perhaps I shall also fall down stairs and obtain a princess." And he rejoiced in anticipation of being adorned again on the next day with lights and toys, gold and fruits. "To-morrow I will not shiver," he thought. "I will enjoy rightly all my splendor. To-morrow I will hear again the story of Klumpe Dumpe, and perhaps also that of Iveda Aveda." And the tree stood the whole night still and thoughtful.

In the morning the servants and the little maidens came in.

"Now the adornment begins again," thought the tree. But they dragged him out of the room up the stairs and placed him where no daylight could enter, in a dark corner on the floor.

"What does this mean?" thought the tree. "What am I to do here? What, indeed, shall I listen to here?"

And he leaned against the wall and thought, and thought. And he had time enough, for days and nights came and no one came up, and when at last some one did come it was only in order to set a great cask into the corner. Now the tree stood entirely hidden; it must be that he was quite forgotten.

"Now it is Winter out of doors," thought the tree! "The earth is hard and covered with snow. The men could not plant me, therefore I shall stand here till Spring. How thoughtful

that is! Men are indeed very good. If it were only not so dark here and so frightfully lonesome! Not even one little hare. It was, indeed, very pretty out there in the woods when the snow was lying about and the hare sprang past. Yes, even when the hare sprang over me; but at that time I could not bear it. Up here, though, it is so frightfully lonesome."

"Peep, peep," said a little mouse, and crept forth, and then another little one came. They smelt the tree, and then glided up among the branches.

"It is grievously cold," said the little mice, "otherwise it is very well here, is it not, thou old fir-tree?"

"I am not at all old," said the fir-tree, "there are many that are far older than I."

"How camest thou here?" asked the mice, "and what do you know?" They were exceedingly inquisitive. "Tell us of the most beautiful place upon earth. Hast thou ever been there? Hast thou been into the store-room where cheeses lie upon the shelves and hams hang under the covers? where one dances upon tallow candles? where one goes in lean and comes out fat?"

"I know nothing of that," said the tree, "but I know the wood where the sun shines and the birds sing," and then he told all about his youth, and the little mice had never heard the like before; and they listened and said, "Indeed, how much thou hast seen! how happy thou hast been!"

"I?" said the fir-tree, and thought about what he himself had told. "Yes, those were really very glad times." But then he told of the Christmas night when he was adorned with cakes and lights.

"O," said the little mice, "how happy thou hast been, thou old fir-tree!"

"I am not at all old," said the tree. "I came first from the forest this Winter."

"How beautifully thou talkest!" said the little mice. And on the next night they came with four other little mice, who would also hear the tree talk, and the more he related the more distinctly he remembered every thing, and thought—"Those were, indeed, very pleasant times, but they may come again. Klumpe Dumpe fell down the stairs and yet obtained the princess. Perhaps I may also obtain the princess."

And then the fir-tree thought of a pretty little birch which grew out in the wood. That was for the fir-tree a really-beautiful princess.

"Who is Klumpe Dumpe?" asked the little mice. And then the fir-tree told the whole story; he could remember every single word, and

the little mice were near to springing into the top of the tree for joy about it.

On the following night came many more mice, and on Sunday, indeed, two rats, but they thought the story was not pretty, and that troubled the little mice, for now they also thought less of it.

"Do you know only the one story?" asked the rats.

"Only the one," said the tree, "which I heard on my glorious evening. At that time I did not think how happy I was."

"That is a very miserable story. Do you know none of lard and tallow candles? no store-room stories?"

"No," said the tree.

"Then we thank you for that," answered the rats, and went back to their own place.

The little mice remained away also at last, and then the tree sighed—"That was really very pretty when they all sat about me—the merry little mice—and listened while I talked to them. Now that also is past. But I will think about it to rejoice myself when I shall get out again."

But when did that happen? One morning people came and set the cask away; the tree was drawn forth and thrown very hard upon the floor, but a servant thrust it immediately down the stairs where the daylight shone in.

"Now life begins again," thought the tree. He felt the fresh air, the first sunbeams, and now he was out in the court. Every thing passed so quickly, the tree entirely forgot to think of itself, there was so much round about to see. The court bordered upon a garden, and every thing was blossoming in it. The roses hung over the little lattice so fresh and fragrant, and the swallows flew about and said, "Quivi, quivi, my man has come," but it was not the fir-tree which they meant.

"Now I shall live," exulted the tree, and extended its branches, but, alas! they were all dry and yellow, and it lay there in the corner among weeds and nettles. The star of golden paper still sat upon its summit and glowed in the clear sunshine.

On the court played a couple of cheerful children, who had danced about the tree on Christmas night, and had been so glad over it. The smaller one ran in and tore off the gold star.

"See what remains still upon the ugly old fir-tree," he said, and trod upon the branches so that they cracked under his boots.

As the tree looked upon all the freshness and splendor of the flowers in the garden it thought of itself, and wished it had remained in the dark corner upon the floor. It thought of its fresh youth in the wood, of the glad Christmas

evening, and of the little mice which had so cheerfully listened to the story of Klumpe Dumpe.

"Past, past!" said the old tree. "O, had I only been glad when I might! Past, past!"

And the servant came and cut the tree in little pieces—a whole bundle lay there. It flashed up clear under the great brown kettle, and it sighed so deeply that the children who played there ran and seated themselves before the fire and looked into it. But with every sigh the tree thought upon a Summer day in the forest, or of a Winter night out there when the stars twinkled. It thought of the Christmas evening, and of Klumpe Dumpe, the only story which it had heard and knew how to relate, and then the tree was burned up.

The boys played in the garden, and the smaller had upon his breast the gold star which the tree had worn on its happiest evening; now it was gone, and with it the story also—gone, gone; and so it goes with all stories.

WATER.

BY MARY F. TABER.

WATER clear and sparkling bright
Seems to me a thing of light,
Like a maiden glad and free
In its still rejoicing glee.

Onward in its course it comes,
While its busy tune it hums,
Singing, flowing, cheerfully,
Ever onward to the sea.

See where first it leaves its bed,
Deep in mossy covert hid;
Silent, slow, and soft its tread
Where the Autumn leaves lie dead.

Now more rapid in its course
From the moss it breaketh loose;
Swifter, swifter now it flows,
Wider still the streamlet grows.

Now no more a little stream,
Through the tall trees see it gleam,
But a river, in whose way
Eddies many a little bay.

Now a river broad and long,
In its course becoming strong,
Caring not for rock or stone,
Dashes over them in foam.

On the cliff's edge hear it roar
With its thunder evermore,
Looking most like soft white snow
As it gently falls below.

See, it nears the ocean's waves,
Stealing onward to its caves,
Then with anxious, eager haste
Rushes headlong to the waste.

DR. ADAM CLARKE'S MARRIAGE.

BY DAVID CREAMER.

ALL great men must suffer the penalty of their greatness, and pay a premium for their reputation. Backbiters, intermeddlers, and defamers, all demand a bonus of the illustrious good and great, which must be paid, though it be at the rate of tears, and pains, and blood, and life. No great man can be happy except in spite of the machinations of the wicked, the hypercritical, and the envious.

"The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honor'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state."

Among our earliest readings was Pope's beautiful translation of the Iliad. None of his many imitable descriptions of character made a deeper impression upon our youthful mind than that of Thersites. Well do we remember the long, misshapen head, the blinking eye, the mountain shoulders, and the halting gait; and not less indelibly fixed are the leading features of his mental malformation, how

"He chief gloried, in licentious style,
To lash the *great*, and monarchs to revile.
Spleen to mankind his envious heart possest
And much he *hated* all, but *most* the *best*."

Such, then, has been the fortune of all illustrious men from the first historian and lawgiver, Moses, down to the present time, so that it is unnecessary to furnish examples, or we might instance the facts concerning Joseph, or Daniel, or Paul, or Seneca, or Galileo. But while it is the unfailing lot of "all" the good and great to "suffer persecution," so may they, if Christians, like the great Apostle, after recounting the "persecutions and afflictions" which came upon him "at Antioch, at Iconium, at Lystra," exclaim, "Out of them all the Lord delivered me."

On a certain occasion Mr. John Wesley was preparing to leave home with his niece, the daughter of his brother Charles, whom he had promised to take with him to London. Just as they were about starting, in came his brother very much agitated, and informed Mr. Wesley that during the night a false and disgraceful publication respecting him had been circulated through the town, which he must at once contradict. Looking at his niece without seeming to notice his brother, and perceiving in her countenance an expression of disappointment, he calmly said to her, "Sally, my dear, get ready."

"What," exclaimed Charles, "not before refuting the base calumny which your enemies have published against you?"

"Brother," said Mr. Wesley, "when I gave myself to the service of God, I did not reserve my reputation. Sally, let us go to London."

Such was the manner in which this great man treated his persecutors.

These thoughts have been suggested by the perusal of the following epistle—the original of which has been deposited in the Methodist Historical Society at Baltimore—and which we believe has never before been published. Although Dr. Clarke was but twenty-five years old when he wrote this letter, he had already attained a wide reputation as an able and eloquent preacher. This kind of annoyance, though it concerns the dearest interests of life and the holiest affections of the heart, we apprehend is not unfrequently experienced by the younger class of ministers. Let all similar busy-bodies in other men's matters, learn a lesson from the plain advice administered in the following letter by Mr. Clarke to his persecutors:

PLYMOUTH, Dec. 18, 1785.

My Dear Brother,—Your kind epistle of the 13th instant I received yesterday, full fraught with intelligence indeed! and I embrace the very earliest opportunity of returning an answer. A few things I beg leave to premise before I speak directly on the subjects contained in your epistle. First, it is now Sunday, about 12 o'clock; I have twice to preach, and several things previous to that to regard, consequently have not time to enter into a minute discussion of every punctilio your kindness has favored me with. My last visit to your circuit has cost me a flood of afflictions. My Dock friends have thought themselves injured—have complained a good deal I suppose to each other, and at last brought their complaints to Mr. Mason, and have grieved and prejudiced his mind, so that I believe he was led to indulge some things which were much to my disadvantage; but God, the heart-searching God, knows my innocence. However, the trouble this has occasioned me, and the pains my soul has endured on the account I am absolutely incapable of describing, but my cause is in the hand of God. The receipt of your letter occasioned some more uneasiness, nevertheless I am glad you wrote, because it has given me an opportunity of satisfying you and my dear mother concerning what you have written about Miss Hoyten. But first I ask in the name of God, What is the matter with the people? Are they determined to destroy their souls by lying, slandering, and evil-speaking? Why is it that they are so abundantly concerned about matters which, if as represented, yet they have no business with? Will the Methodists—will the people of God never learn wisdom? Suppose I had ~~a~~ mind to marry a broomstick, have they any right to interfere? Do they know the mechanism of my affections, and what objects are capable of attracting them? Have they entered so far into the *arcana* of God as to know the very person he has designed I should or should not be connected with? But to be as short as possible. Be it known unto you, my respected brother, I have never spoken to Miss Hoyten concerning marriage, nor paid my addresses to her, or

any other in the creation on that subject, nor do I ever intend to make her any proposals of the kind. I am yet entirely free from any such connections with every female under the sun, and it may continue so to all eternity for aught I know.

"That I sought every opportunity of being in her company, and neglected retirement to be with her," is an absolute falsity and slander. To neglect retirement for any male or female, however excellent, I deem a notorious sin. I have not done it since I knew God, nor I trust ever shall till my spirit returns to him. 'T is true I was kept beyond my time reluctantly when at Mr. Brewett's at tea, waiting till she procured me the pattern which I was requested—at Dock—to procure from a friend there; but who could have thought it possible that the above inference could be deduced from this? I hope none of those who are called the people of God have had any hand in this iniquitous matter. Miss Hoyten is a person I respect for her soul's sake, and if she continues in connection and proves faithful, I shall rejoice that God afforded me the opportunity of admitting her to the possession of those privileges which she may now enjoy. Those persons whom I join in society are in a particular manner dear to me; this you have yourself experienced, and if you, she, or any other person whom I have reason to believe is sincere, should ask my advice in any matter in which their souls are concerned, I should deem it my duty to give it either by word or writing.

I have been detained longer in the discussion of the above than I intended. Perhaps what is said may suffice. When you hear persons speak any thing more concerning it, recommend to them in God's name, and in my name, Mr. Wesley's sermon on "Evil-Speaking," and that through the mercy of God may effect a cure. But still I must confess I am determined never to consult the humor of the people when I enter into matrimonial connections, either concerning the person or the place. Indeed, the advice of a sincere friend would be of inestimable value in such a case, but O how rarely is one to be found! The connection—which in the latter part of your letter you seem indirectly to advise—may never take place, as I have not yet spoken either directly or indirectly to Miss B. concerning it, though the contrary has been imagined by many—for our people are such excellent logicians, adhering so to ratiocination that the major part of their conversation is only a concatenation of deductions and inferences. One thing in logic they seem indeed to be entirely unacquainted with; namely, the necessity of inferring from right premises. May God be merciful to them for Christ's sake!

The Latin Testament I should be glad to have, if it is in good order. The Erasmus I have no use for, as I have one already. I know of no means of conveyance; if you can meet with any this side of July you may send it; but why should I mention a time so distant? Eternity is at hand! Many solemn thoughts concerning it have occurred to my mind lately from the very frail tenement my soul inhabits, with the various pressures the tenant and habitation endure, lead me to infer,

"My race of glory 's run, my race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them who rest."

O, my God, prepare me for a happy, and, I care not

how sudden, an exit from this vale of shadows—this world of outsides, to that place of repose where trials from men nor devils dare not enter!

I am, my dear Richard, etc., ADAM CLARKE.

From the above it appears that the over-
officious friends of Mr. Clarke had selected at least two young ladies, one of whom they desired he would choose for a life companion; neither of whom, however, happened to please his fancy. It may not be uninteresting now to direct our attention to the subject of his own choice and the object of his warmest affections. Here also we shall find him surrounded by difficulties and trials, but of a different character, and coming from a different quarter. If, in the former case, mistaken friends adopted a questionable policy to induce him to give his hand without his heart, in the latter we shall find that while both lovers were true as truth itself to each other, opposition of the strongest character, and in some instances not without dishonorable motives, was made to the match by some of the relatives of the lady, and even by her mother, which, after being long continued, was eventually overcome by the influence of Mr. Wesley. The result was one of the happiest marriages of which we have any account.

Adam Clarke commenced traveling as an itinerant preacher under Mr. Wesley in 1782, when about twenty-one years of age, but he was small of stature, and so delicately formed that he was called "the little boy" preacher. This was often, says he, "a grievous trial to him, and was the subject of many perplexing reasonings," for fear that men and women of mature age would refuse to listen to him, or only come out of curiosity "to hear a boy preach." But his distressing forebodings were soon dispelled. On his first circuit, Bradford, his congregations were always respectful and sometimes unusually large, and his ministrations were blessed to the salvation of many souls. There were four preachers on the circuit, and it did not come to his turn to visit some of his appointments, of which there were forty, more than one for every day in the month, till the Spring of 1783. A place called Road, near Trowbridge, was one of these, where usually the congregation was very small, and there were only two or three members in the society. Previously to his coming a report was spread abroad that "a little boy" was to preach in the Methodist chapel at such a time, and nearly all the young people of the place, of both sexes, from fourteen to twenty-five, flocked to hear him. So that long before the time the chapel was crowded and very few elderly persons could gain admittance. While he was preaching the attention of the crowded au-

dience was deep and solemn, and the silence broken only by his own voice. After sermon he gave out Charles Wesley's beautiful hymn, commencing,

"Vain, delusive world, adieu."

accompanying the singing of each stanza with appropriate remarks and exhortations. During prayer many were deeply affected. That night and next morning thirteen persons, young men and women, called upon him earnestly inquiring what they must do to be saved. A religious concern became general throughout the neighborhood, at first among the young persons, many of whom were converted, and then extended to the older portion of the inhabitants.

During this revival Mr. Clarke became acquainted with the young lady whom he five years afterward married, and who was doubtless among the gracious fruits of the revival. In giving an account of a visit to Trowbridge in the Fall of 1786, he says, "There were in the society at this place several young women, who were among the most sensible and pious in the Methodist connection, particularly the Miss Cookes—Mary, Elizabeth, and Frances; the latter two having been among the first members of the society in this town. With these young ladies he occasionally corresponded, especially with the second, ever since he had been on that circuit." Subsequently Mary, the eldest sister, joined the society, and she too became one of his "occasional" correspondents. On this visit a more intimate acquaintance took place, and although he does not say so, we believe there was an "engagement," which was honorably and happily consummated about two years afterward.

But this happy result did not occur till the parties, ever faithful to each other, had passed through a fiery ordeal of opposition and persecution. Miss Mary Cooke was the eldest daughter of Mr. John Cooke, clothier, of Trowbridge; she was well educated, and of a fine natural disposition, deep piety, and sound judgment. Their attachment was grounded upon an acquaintance of several years, and was formed on the purest principles of reason and religion. The connection between Mr. Clarke and Miss Cooke, says the biographer, "was too good and holy not to be opposed. Some of her friends supposed they should be degraded by her alliance with a *Methodist preacher*, but pretended to cover their unprincipled opposition with the veil, that one so delicately bred up would not be able to bear the troubles and privations of a Methodist preacher's life." These persons so prejudiced Mr. Wesley himself, that he threatened to expel

Mr. Clarke from the connection if he married the lady without the consent of her mother.

Knowing that Mr. Wesley had been imposed upon by misrepresentations, both Mr. Clarke and Miss Cooke laid a plain and full statement of the case before him; he also heard the opposite party, who at length were forced to acknowledge that they knew of no just cause to prevent the connection. Nothing now remained to be accomplished but to obtain the consent of the mother. Mrs. Cooke placed her opposition entirely on a consideration of the destructive hardships which her daughter would have to endure by becoming the wife of an itinerant Methodist minister; confessing that she had no objection to Mr. Clarke, whom she highly esteemed for his piety, his learning, and his good sense.

Mr. Wesley, who intimately knew and sincerely loved both parties, and who felt all the interest of a parent toward them, "interposed his good offices to bring these matters to an accommodation—made those who were called *Methodists* ashamed of the part they had taken in this business, and wrote a friendly letter to Mrs. Cooke. The opposition, which had arisen to a species of persecution, now began to relax; and as the hostile party chose at least to sleep on their arms," after waiting about a year longer Mr. Clarke and Miss Cooke were married in Trowbridge church, April 17, 1788. Few connections of this kind, says Dr. Clarke, "were ever more opposed; and few, if any, were ever more happy. The steadiness of the parties, during this opposition, endeared them to each other; they believed that God had joined them together, and no storm or difficulty in life was able to put them asunder." Their principal opponents lived long enough to know that they meddled with what did not concern them; and Mrs. Cooke, many years before her death, saw that she had been imposed on and deceived, and that this marriage was one of the most happy in her family.

RELIGION.

THOSE who make religion to consist in the contempt of this world and its enjoyments, are under a very fatal and dangerous mistake. As life is the gift of Heaven, it is religion to enjoy it. He, therefore, who can be happy in himself, and who contributes all that is in his power toward the happiness of others—and none but the virtuous can so be and so do—answers most effectually the ends of his creation, is an honor to his nature, and a pattern to mankind.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PASTOR.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

NUMBER II.

LANSWOOD PARSONAGE, Oct. 13, 18—.

YESTERDAY was the Sabbath. For the first time I succeeded in interesting the congregation. They are very unlike the enterprising audience at Millcreek. Usually, before I have fairly introduced my theme, I am edified by seeing quite a number deliberately settle their heads on the backs of the seats in front of them and shut their eyes for a nap. I think their foreheads must be calloused as well as their consciences, or the hard pillow would prove unendurable. But yesterday only one of my Church members went to sleep in the afternoon, and he was slumbering peacefully when I announced my text.

However, he overtook me on my way home, and we had a long talk on spiritual things. He felt that something must be done for souls. They were fast asleep in their sins. Did n't I think I could put more life into my sermons? The people did not need prettily-rounded periods or flowery essays; they needed the "marrer" of the Gospel. Would n't it be a good plan, as the evenings grew longer, to have a series of extra meetings, and get some experienced revivalist to help? There was parson Magog, down in Newtown, about the strongest team going, and he hired himself out, as soon as harvest was over, to do such extra work.

"Indeed!" I said, "and what are his terms?"

"O, cheap enough. He can get a hundred dollars a month, but I reckon, as we're neighbors, he'd come here for seventy-five."

"I should think he might. Very few of our regular clergy are paid so liberally."

"Well, you see this is different. There's no humbug about him. When he says he'll do a thing you may account it already done. If he pledges himself for a good work here, we shall have a most wonderful increase."

"Are the other brethren desirous to secure his services?"

"Brother Blake is. I talked the thing over with the rest, but they leave every thing to the minister. 'If he needs help he is bright enough to find it out without telling,' says brother Eddy. 'Ministers are human and have their little failings,' says I."

"Well, what do you expect me to do? What is it you require?" I asked.

"O nothing in particular. The brethren seemed so backward about shouldering any respons-

ability that I thought it might be best, on the whole, to just mention the subject to you before I went to parson Magog. It might save a deal of hard feeling and talking. I suppose you have no objections to offer?"

"If the Church wish to fill my place with another preacher, I am ready to vacate it at any time. Or I will consider the time he is with you as a vacation and spend it in traveling."

Very crestfallen looked my good brother, but he rallied immediately, and asked if I was opposed to a revival of the work of God.

"No. It is the work of man that we were speaking of. The work of God can only be revived in this place by deep repentance and renewed zeal on the part of our backslidden Church. We need, brother, to pray very earnestly for ourselves, to search our own hearts and humble ourselves before God, before we dare to ask for his converting grace in behalf of other sinners."

"Then you do n't believe in the use of extra means of grace?"

"I heartily believe in the use of the means that God has appointed, and I think his Spirit can do more for us than a dozen Magogs, even if assisted by as many Gogs."

"For my part," he persisted, "I believe in being zealous for the Lord of hosts."

"So do I. But you must allow me to say that the contrast between your present zeal and your rather long nap in church makes your advocacy of extra efforts a little ridiculous. But here is the parsonage, and I must bid you good-evening."

The prayer meeting in the evening was very encouraging, though but few were present. There was a spirit of humility and penitence in the different prayers that betokened improvement. God knows we need to humble ourselves before him.

October 20th.—I have just returned from a meeting of the official members. Brother Blake proposed sending for parson Magog to come over to our help, but the proposition was quietly voted down without discussion.

Eleven o'clock.—We had retired to rest and I had nearly lost all recollection of poor parson Magog in a sound slumber, when we were aroused by the loud ringing of the door-bell. I hurried on my clothes, thinking that some serious accident had occurred, or that some of our neighbors were taken suddenly ill. Mary sat up in bed, her teeth chattering with the fear that her sudden awaking had caused. She declared that I should not venture my precious life by opening the door to people who were

most likely thieves or murderers, till I had ascertained their business. So I opened the chamber window and asked, "Who's there?" No reply, but I heard a stifled giggle and a cough.

"What do you want?"

"To get married."

I brightened up on hearing this, for I have always found it rather pleasant work to make other people happy, and on rare occasions have been made a little richer by the operation. So I told them I would come down directly and let them in.

"I would n't, Ernest," said Mary. "It will be only a dollar concern. Nobody that is any thing would come to be married at this time of night."

"You must get up, Mary. I shall want witnesses."

"Let them be witnesses for each other. I am too tired to get up."

"It won't take long. You can just slip on your wrapper while I go to the study for pen and ink to make the proper returns to the town clerk. Come, you can sleep longer in the morning."

"Yes; a long nap in the morning does give the work such a fine start for the day." She began to dress, so I left her and hurried down stairs to admit the bridal party.

There were two couples to be married. But when I came to ask the usual questions I found that they had all been divorced from husbands and wives still living. Mary tried to catch my eye, and coughed to attract my attention, but I would neither see nor hear her. I knew that her looks were plainly saying, 'There, Ernest, what did I tell you?' So I looked the other way. The party had walked from a factory village five miles off. One of the men was very young looking, and gave his age as twenty years old. The lady of his choice was about thirty. The other couple were more equally matched as to age, but were both quite young. I did not pursue my inquiries, but I told them, as I wiped my pen and screwed the cover on my inkstand, that in my opinion one husband or one wife apiece was sufficient, and I would have the pleasure of wishing them good-night. A blank look of amazement spread over each coarse, reckless countenance. They had never dreamed that an obscure country pastor would hesitate to earn a marriage fee for conscience' sake.

"You do n't mean that you won't marry us?" said one of the women.

"I mean that very thing. You have no right to be married."

"We is all divorced quite regular."

"Yes. And it is a scandal to the State

that you are so. But there is a Bible law in such matters, and that forbids all such abominable and scandalous doings. It is getting late. If you will let us have our house to ourselves we will again attempt to seek the rest that you have interrupted."

"Well, if we must, we must. Come along, Dan. We've had our five miles' tramp for nothing. These ministers are all fools alike."

When the door was fairly locked behind them, I turned for the first time to look at Mary.

"Are you paid for getting up?" she asked.

"I think in future I shall be guided by your suggestion, that nobody who is any thing would come at this hour in search of matrimonial felicity. But this advent of grass widows and widowers has driven all inclination to sleep from my eyes; so, my dear, I will write a little before retiring and quiet my nerves by the labor."

So it happens that while Mary and Hetty are sleeping soundly, I am sitting here at midnight vainly trying to weary the restless thoughts that keep me so wakeful.

October 30th.—All yesterday afternoon Mary and I spent in calling on our nearest parishioners. It was a lovely day, but it grew cloudy very fast as the sun went down, and before dark a drizzling rain began to fall. As we looked out upon the gray fog that quite hid the whole valley we congratulated ourselves upon the prospect of being without visitors, and Hetty received permission to bring her whole play-house into the sitting-room.

"Now," said Mary, "I am going to don my washing-day suit and twist all my hair into one big knot at the top of my head, and then chop meat and apples for some mince pies."

"I'll help you, Mary," said I, jumping up to replace a book I had taken from the library. "I'll chop the meat while you pare the apples."

"Agreed. It is no more than your duty, for you eat such quantities of pies! But let me fix your dress first."

Mary brought out a wide, white apron, such as cooks usually wear, and tied it around me, and having further ornamented me by pinning a huge napkin around my neck and tucking up my sleeves, she bade Hetty bring in the apples and meat, and we sat down to enjoy ourselves. In a little time, in spite of the outer darkness, we were as merry a little party as could be found any where. I am naturally silent and somewhat grave, but Mary has life and spirits for us both. Hetty began, as usual when we were alone, to beg for stories—stories of her mother's childhood and youth, and I, attentively listening to some of these adventures, began to understand Hetty's proclivity to climb trees and

ride refractory colts, and inwardly hoped that she would not be further incited by maternal example to swim across the lake or to shoot woodchucks. How the child's eyes sparkled as she listened! We both laughed at her intent, earnest looks.

"Why, Hetty, dear," said her mother, "what are you thinking of?"

"Of you, mamma, when you were little. O, what a happy, happy child! But, mamma, were you never scolded when you tore your frocks, and left your hat and shoes in the woods?"

"I do n't remember that I was so careless as that. I hope I was not," said Mary, very seriously, "because it would have been very wrong, after my parents had been at the expense of buying them."

Hetty colored, for she understood the implied reproof. "Uncle Cyrus told me, mamma, about how you got into Mr. Bryant's mill and set it all agoing, and how you made jack o' lanterns and hung them before the windows on dark evenings like this."

"Did he? I think he might have told you something better."

"He thought it was real cunning, and so did grandpa. But say, mamma, did you have a jack-knife, and did they let you whittle?"

Mary looked at me shyly before she replied. She remembered that I had among my treasures the pattern of a trim little boat, which had been shaped by her own hands in childhood.

"You know, Hetty," she replied, "that all little children have many foolish habits that have to be broken up as they grow older. We must learn to be womanly and quiet, instead of rude and hoydenish. My mother used to teach me how to behave properly, just as I try to teach you, and it became easy after a while."

"And have you got over wanting to—to be real happy?" asked the child, who could think of no other language to express her appreciation of free, wild sports. "Do you never want to climb the chestnut-trees, or to swing in the tops of the birches?"

Mary was saved the trouble of replying to this rather embarrassing question, for we were all startled by a loud rapping at the door. I hurried to open it, unmindful of my queer costume. It was so dark in contrast with the lighted room that I could see nothing; but a voice from the murky depths immediately accosted me. "Are you to hum this evening?"

Happening to become conscious of my white apron and other appendages, I replied somewhat doubtfully that I thought I was.

"Kin ye do a job for me?"

"That depends on its nature."

"Well, the woman 's in the wagon under the shed. Shall I call her in?"

"What woman?" I asked, much mystified.

Mary's quicker apprehension caught the man's meaning, and she enlightened me by telling me in a loud whisper through the open door that he wanted to be married.

"What?" I was not quite clear of the fog yet.

"He wants to get married, Ernest. Do ask him in and shut the door before we all freeze."

"That 's the talk," said the man, who had heard the whisper as plainly as myself. "Shall I call in the woman?"

"Yes, I will marry you."

He gave a loud whistle, and we soon heard other steps in the yard, and presently a little, round-faced woman, holding a baby in her arms and followed by a child of about twelve years, appeared out of the gloom and were ushered into our sitting-room. Mary took off their wet wrappings and made them as comfortable as she could, while I divested myself of my superfluous attire and assumed again the appearance of a gentleman. I think I must have changed considerably, for as soon as I entered the room again I was greeted anew by my visitor. "Bless me! then 't is you, sartain. I thought it war your granny."

I recognized the party at once as a family who lived at the edge of the wood three miles north of us. I had been to the house several times in the course of my parochial calls, and in common with their neighbors and friends had supposed that they were married. But a few days previous the owner of the house, where they had lived so long together, learned to his surprise that they were not married, and indignantly threatened to turn them out of doors unless they were married at once.

The man, who was too shiftless to look up another tenement, promised to "look round" at the minister's in the course of a week, but the week had nearly expired and another visit from his landlord was hourly expected before he was ready to fulfill the engagement. He seemed now to be wholly unconscious that his life had been either sinful or shameful, but the woman evinced a childish delight in the ceremony that convinced me she had thought much upon the subject and rejoiced to be legally a wife. He stood indifferently gazing about the room, with his hands in the pockets of his brown great-coat, and his mouth full of raisins, with which he occasionally treated his family. I noticed with some amusement that he gave them but two or three at a time, and watched them while eating them as if he were studying the solution

of some scientific problem connected with the process of mastication.

I asked the usual questions, "Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" etc.

"Sartain!" he responded heartily.

"Wilt thou have this man?" etc.

"Yes, sir," she replied, courtesying low, and very unexpectedly adding, "It an't my fault, sir, that we did not come years ago. Ben knows it an't."

I never knew how we got through the ceremony, but it was very touching to see her eagerness to obtain a certificate of the marriage. She would not trust it out of her own keeping, but after kissing it several times placed it for safe-keeping in her bosom.

Then came the consideration of the fee. He would like to pay me in money, he said, "but over to his house money was skurse some." However, he had fetched us a big pumpkin, that beat all the pumpkins in the land for size. "Big enough for Thanksgiving and Christmas, too."

We were not lacking in our thanks for the pumpkin, or in our good wishes for the newly-wedded couple, though a suitable fee would have proved very acceptable. But the wife, the true legal wife, had slipped a gold quarter eagle into Mary's hand as she assisted her to wrap up the baby.

"I have kept it hidden away for years," she hurriedly whispered, "hoping that some time it might come to this."

Ah, that wife deserved a better husband, but surely there was never a happier wife.

"What a curious wedding!" said Mary, when they had gone. "Taken as a whole, pumpkin and all, it was rather amusing."

"It would have been too much so for a sacred ordinance," I answered, "but the poor woman's delight gave a pathos to the affair and neutralized the ludicrous part of it. I never felt better satisfied with a wedding."

"The man is a mere brute, Ernest."

"Papa," said Hetty suddenly, "shall I be married when I am a woman?"

"I can not tell. We will wait and see."

"Tell me again, mamma, how you went to school to papa before you were married. Did he make you mind as well as the others? Ah, papa, I think you never kept mamma after school for bad lessons, as Miss Price is always keeping me."

"Did I never?" I smiled at the changing color in Mary's cheek.

Poor Hetty was summarily hurried off to bed, to change the current of her thoughts, I suppose.

November 5th.—I would give a good deal to know whether there is any subject, human or divine, aside from money matters, that can fully arouse my people. I try in vain to interest them. There is the same stolid indifference, the same apathy that characterized them at first. All through the Summer I have hoped against hope. How fully have I proved the truth of that Scripture, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick!" I often said to myself, when the busy hay-making days are over it will be different. The Lord is merciful, and it is to be hoped that he will summon none of them to the eternal world in haying-time, for no one would feel as if he could spare time to go.

Then came the rich Autumn harvest, when the bounteous products of the earth seemed, in their abundance, so exactly calculated to awaken emotions of love and gratitude to the Almighty Giver. But no one apparently gave a thought to the subject. All this is now over, the harvest is garnered; but the dead forest leaves are the fit emblems of our Church. Our Sabbath exercises are as dull and spiritless as possible. Perhaps other men can preach with a row of closed eyes and mouths like gaping sepulchers ranged before them, but I confess to being human. Perhaps other men can go calmly and cheerfully through the delivery of a carefully-prepared discourse, when its manifest effect is like that of morphine or chloroform, according to the constitution of the hearer, but I am no stoic. I get entirely discouraged. I feel the deadening influence of the conference meetings all through the week. It seems such a stupendous mockery of heaven to meet professedly for God's worship, and manifest such complete indifference.

Last evening the official members met. It was to talk about finances, and I had the happiness of seeing them awake. They came in to talk over the possibility of my family being able to get along with a hundred dollars less salary than what was paid to my predecessor. I do n't know why they met at my house, for no one asked my opinion upon the subject discussed. They just sat down in my house, and in the coolest manner possible debated with each other as to the amount absolutely necessary to keep the minister's soul in his body.

There was great harmony in their deliberations. Indeed, I may say that a spirit of cordial unanimity pervaded the meeting. Nice little jokes about the amount to be deducted were handed about, pleasant little hints upon domestic economy were gratuitously expressed, and, upon the whole, it was a very exhilarating occasion.

I am afraid I rather checked the unusual

liveliness by inquiring why I was to receive so much less than my predecessor. Were my services worth less? Was I not as faithful a pastor? In what respect did he deserve more salary?

"Why, he has nine children and you have but one."

"Indeed! Then if I should adopt a half dozen orphans I should have a larger claim on you. That is a new idea."

"Of course you will admit that it costs brother Lane more to live than it need to cost you."

"That has nothing to do with the subject. You engage me to preach to you, to be your pastor, independent of such strange considerations. There was nothing said about the number of children required in order to secure a decent salary. If I remember rightly you asked for a small family. It is hardly fair that I should lose a hundred dollars because your wish was gratified."

"You misunderstand us."

"Do you carry out this principle in hiring laborers to work on your farms? Does the single man get less wages than the man with a large family?"

"No; but it is different when we hire a minister. We know—we know then"—

"You know then," I interrupted, "that the preacher, for the time, is in your power. He can not turn to some other vocation, because he feels in the depths of his soul that there is woe for him if he preaches not the Gospel. Appointed by the authorities of the Church to labor here, he has no choice but to do his best, always committing his cause into His hands who judgeth righteously. We give up all prospect of wealth, of ease or rest in this life; we go from place to place as strangers and pilgrims in order to preach to a dying world the unsearchable riches of Christ. And you, who make no real sacrifice of money or pleasure, can meet together and contrive means to reduce the already meager salary of your preacher, and decide that if he pinches himself and his family as much as you had to in order to put that last thousand into the saving's bank, he can live on four hundred dollars. Be as just to me as to the hired menial in your kitchen, and I will not complain."

"Keep calm, brother," said brother Blake, "there is no use in getting excited."

"I suppose not."

"You do n't look at the matter in the right way. We are willing to pay you all we can. But we have a debt on the church and are behind-hand on last year's expenses."

"But those are not my debts, brethren. I

am not responsible for them. Why should I be expected to pay them? If you should take a part of brother Curtis's wages to pay the mortgage on your house, I think it would hardly be considered just. The principle, whether applied to preachers or laymen, is a regular gouge."

"It is harder to raise money this year than last. Brother Bacon has lost his horse and says he shall not be able to give any thing, and you know how unfortunate brother Snow has been. He has had four fine calves stolen and all of his turkeys."

"And you expect me to pay for them all, do you—the dead horse, the stolen calves and turkeys?"

"You are too hard on us, brother. You do n't seem to understand us at all."

"I am afraid I shall never be able to understand how my position as your pastor makes me responsible for all your debts and misfortunes."

"We do n't see it in that light. We mean to raise more for you next year."

"It is possible that you may raise more, but not for me. I shall leave at the end of the year."

"I hope not, brother," remarked one who had been rather silent, "I hope not. We have always kept our preachers two years. It hurts a society to change oftener. A trifle like a hundred dollars should not part us. I am afraid our ministers are getting a little worldly-minded."

I might have replied that there was not money enough in the place to hire me to preach another year to a Church who did not honor my sermons with the slightest attention. But I was too thoroughly sick at heart to say any thing more, and as there was no other business before the meeting we adjourned immediately.

November 15th.—It is a lovely day; not too cool to be comfortable, and so clear that with my glass I can see several distant villages distinctly. I often climb to the top of this hill to get a glimpse of the world outside just to satisfy myself, not that "the world is my parish," but that my parish is not the world. When I can see, as I do this morning, the blue waters of the distant bay, with the tiny specks of sails dotting its bosom, my pulses throb with fresh life, and I, like the Psalmist, long for the free wings of the dove.

Mary was too busy to walk with me this morning. She has two new pupils in drawing. The lessons which were undertaken to furnish means for needed recreation must now be continued to enable us to live on our reduced income.

On all sides I can see the comfortable homes of my people crowded with the manifold wealth of the farmer. In all my travels I have never known a parish where the people were generally so well off. Not very rich, but all making a good living and laying up something handsome for the future. And I—be still, my rebellious heart.

My future is in the hands of a merciful God. I will not distrust his providence. Instead, I must treasure up a portion of the glorious prospect, the bracing air, to carry home. I must meet my tired, patient, and ever-cheerful wife, with a little of this blessed sunshine reflected on my face. She has chased away the dark shadows from my prospects long enough, and breasted her own cares singly and alone. We will now, God helping us, bear our burdens together and so lighten their weight.

Hetty, released from her morning studies, is coming up the hill in search of me. Her light springing step scarcely touches the ground. She is singing as loudly as she can. It is a charming song and a sweet voice. Listen:

"Far up the golden mountains
There is thy dwelling, Hope."

November 20th.—I come to my journal this evening with pleasant things to record. After the preaching yesterday morning a young man arose and asked for the prayers of the Church in his behalf. God has lately taken away his only child. He was a bright little fellow not quite three years old, and died very suddenly. It was God's wise method to save the careless parents. I have often seen them since his death weeping together over the little grave in the rural cemetery. I have been glad to observe, also, that they were constant attendants at Church, and earnest hearers of the Word.

How the good brethren rubbed their sleepy eyes while he was speaking! Brother Snow put on his spectacles to be sure it was not an optical illusion. One old lady, a true mother in our Israel, wept aloud for joy. To me it was like cool springs of water in a desert land. It came just in time to save me from despair.

He had scarcely ceased speaking when another young man, on the opposite side of the church, got up and made a similar request. The incredulous and wondering looks of our veteran unbelievers vanished now, for all instantly recognized the mighty hand of God in the unlooked-for blessing.

"You all know me," said the young man, "and you have all seen how wicked and reckless has been my life. You know my praying, pious mother. She has often prayed for me in

this house. I am her only son, God help her! and she is a widow. But if there is mercy for a repenting sinner, I will seek that mercy. I am determined to lead a new life." His voice trembled, but he still stood up and gazed in silence upon the young people around him. They understood the wistful, yearning look, and many seemed completely subdued.

I went down at once into the altar and invited all who were desirous of securing the salvation of their souls to come forward. One young man besides those who had spoken, and two young ladies, accepted the invitation.

In the afternoon the church was crowded with serious hearers. In the evening so many came that chairs and benches were brought in to accommodate them with seats. It is a wonderful work of God—beginning without apparent human means, at a time when I was so utterly despondent and faithless. I see now how wicked my own heart has been, how slow to believe in a merciful God. Because the Church were so lifeless and indifferent, I too began to limit the power of the Almighty. I feel deeply humbled, and yet my heart exults in the view of God's saving grace. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

December 2^d.—We have had no rest yet in our happy work. Every evening the church is crowded. The altar is also crowded with weeping penitents. Church members come forward with the rest and earnestly seek the lost favor of God. By the fireside and in the street religion is the sole theme of conversation. Even the little children of Hetty's age are interested. They come every afternoon to the parsonage for religious instruction, and Mary has prayer meetings with them. They are seasons of deep interest, and the Savior is present to receive and bless the little children. I went into the room where they were for a few minutes this afternoon. A little boy of nine years was praying earnestly, though the tears and sobs often choked his voice. "O Lord," he said, "I'm real wicked; I do n't mind my mother; I tell lies, and last week I sweared." It was brother Snow's boy, and his little daughter is also seeking the Savior. But brother Snow is not a believer in children's religion. He says they only imitate older people, and would as soon imitate them in any thing else.

January 1st.—Another month and yet the spiritual harvest is not all gathered in. God strengthens us for the work and we need no rest. The new year opens brightly. The dark clouds that so shadowed this beautiful place have vanished, and the Sun of Righteousness has risen upon

us. Truly we are now a happy people—a peculiar people, whose God is the Lord.

Among the good results of this revival I count the payment of the Church debt. Another board meeting has been held and the question of my salary reconsidered, and instead of reducing it one hundred dollars, it was unanimously voted to add one hundred, thus making it six hundred. Added to this I have just received from the young people a purse containing seventy dollars. A good old brother whispered in my ear last night that they had concluded on the whole to forgive me for not "saddling the society with the support of a dozen young ones."

Truly there is no power so potent to exorcise the demon of penuriousness as the Gospel of Christ. Stinginess and grace never dwell in the same heart. Religion puts a soul into the mere animal nature and makes a man. I think we shall remain here another year.

With a people now hungry for the bread of life, a good salary, a pleasant home in a charming country, and, more than all, with the blessing of God on my feeble labors, how can I contemplate moving as among the possibilities?

VOICES OF LONG AGO.

BY MRS. S. S. JESSOP.

A voice from the days of long ago—
A dreamy echo, whispered and low—
Is in my ear to-night.
It comes up the aisles of moldering years;
It is mingled with mirth, it is blended with tears,
And shadow is woven with light.

The whisper of winds in the beechen shade;
The wild bird's song in the leafy glade;
The murmur of the stream;
The children's mirth on the grassy lawn,
When the twilight hour drew softly on,
Are blent in that mem'ry dream.

The voice of a mother, in accents mild,
As she blest or chid her wayward child,
The fervent sound of prayer;
The Sabbath hymn with its breezy swell;
The word of greeting; the sad farewell—
All, all are mingled there.

The music of lips that have passed from earth;
The evening cheer round the blazing hearth;
The grave-clod's rumbling fall;
Youth's ardent vow that laughed at change,
Nor dreamed that hearts could soon grow strange,
I hear, I feel them all.

Mysterious is the viewless chain
That binds dead years and wakes again,
With an electric thrill,
Familiar voices of the past,
To sweep the present as a blast
That heeds no "peace be still."

OUR HOME.

BY MARY A. GARY.

T is not amid these lowly vales of sorrow,
Where grief brings death-pangs to the tender heart;
Where storms to-day cast clouds upon to-morrow,
And ere we grasp our treasures they depart;

Not here, where every bird that sings the sweetest
Is the first one to fold its wings and die;
Where happiest moments ever are the fleetest,
And tears oft dim the brightest beaming eye;
Not here, where wearily we ever wander
Alone amid life's unremitting gloom,
While our grief-burdened spirits oftentimes wonder
If they will find a rest within the tomb.

T is true that earth with loveliness is teeming,
And Heaven's kind hand has decked with flowers its
way;
But every golden ray of sunlight gleaming,
Falls on some darkening emblem of decay.

The pearly dew-drop on the flow'ret sleeping,
When wearied day is in night's arms at rest,
Is but a tear that angels have been weeping
O'er the dark woes that rend the human breast.

The fragrant blossoms rise with richest beauty,
Over sharp thorns their velvet leaves infold;
And every step along the path of duty,
Our footfalls crush some flower beneath the mold.

O! not in such a world of varied trouble,
Where joys, like evening visions, quickly flee,
And life is but an empty crystal bubble;
Not here the Christian's final home shall be.

But there's a land where every eye is beaming
With radiance, that earth's pilgrims have not known;
Where rays of glory evermore are streaming
From the bright precincts of the jasper throne;

Within whose glittering gates and pearly portals
Sin, with its train of shadows, may not come;
But there the white-robed, glorified immortals
Will find a bright, an everlasting home.

O, Christian, rouse thee from thy death-like slumber,
And toward the heaven-courts press thy onward way,
And He who e'er thy very hairs doth number,
Will make life's twilight end in dawning day.

And in that land where clouds and shades are ended,
Beneath the beams of glory's dazzling Sun,
A crown of life shall for thy brow be blended,
When once the gates are passed and heaven is won.

ANGELINA.

BY T. HULBERT UNDERWOOD.

MY fair Angelina is truthful to me,
And cheerful as music in Spring—
Is beauty personified, sacred to me,
A grace softly folding her wing.

Undoubting I dwell in her heaven of truth;
Her cheerfulness never grows old;
Her beauty's a bird of perpetual youth;
Her grace is a fountain of gold.

RENÉE OF FRANCE.

BY MRS. JULIA M. OLIN.

[CONCLUDED.]

RENÉE'S character seems in dim eclipse—we scarcely recognize the good duchess in these days of trial and darkness. Cruel to Olympia, the former petted child of the house, unmindful of the sufferings of martyrs, and now recreant to her faith in the hour of danger, well might Calvin write, "There is sad intelligence, and more certain than I would wish that it were of the Duchess of Ferrara, that, overcome by threats and reproaches, she has fallen. What shall I say, except that instances of fortitude in nobles are rare?" Olympia Morata writes from Heidelberg, "I am afflicted but not astonished at the fall of this princess, whom I knew in other times."

More in harmony with Renée's character, is her kind care for the destitute French soldiers, who, after the Italian campaign, were abandoned by their brilliant leader, the Duke of Guise. No less than ten thousand of these poor fellows were saved from death by the liberality of Renée, who supplied them as they passed through Ferrara with money and medicines. When her steward represented to her her heavy expenses, she exclaimed in right royal fashion, "What would you have me do? These are poor Frenchmen and my countrymen, who, if I had been a man, would all now have been my subjects; and would have been such nevertheless, if that unjust Salic law did not bear too hard upon me." Strange that a country with such a law upon its statute-book should more than any other have had its politics swayed and its destinies influenced by women.

There were many who believed that the reconciliation of the duchess with the Church of Rome was nothing but an act of deception, to which she had been led through fear of her tyrannical husband, and with the hope of having her children restored to her. A visit from one who, in face of great persecution, was faithful to the truth must have rebuked her temporizing spirit. This was Galeazzo Caraccioli, the eldest son of the Marquis of Vico, who, through the instrumentality of Valdez at Naples, and the lectures of Pietro Martire Vermigli, had been brought to the knowledge of the truth. His father, who foresaw the displeasure of the emperor, in vain sought to dissuade his son from embracing the Reformed faith; his wife turning away from all his endeavors to win her from the faith of Rome, left nothing undone to shake his constancy. Finding it impossible to serve God according to

the dictates of his conscience in his native land, he left the rich inheritance that was to fall to him, left family and friends, laid aside his rank, and retired to Geneva, where he became the pupil and the friend of Calvin. On returning from Naples, whither he had been recalled by his family with the vain hope of prevailing over that steadfastness which had resisted so many assaults, he came to the city of Ferrara, where he was joyfully received by Franciscus Portus, who afterward taught publicly in Geneva. "This Portus," says the chronicler, "brought Galeactus into acquaintance with the noble Duchess of Ferrara, who entertained him honorably, and, after much conference had with him of the alteration of his religion, and of the success of his long voyage and tedious journeys, of the Church of Geneva, of Calvin, and of many chief points of Christian religion, she dismissed him, and left him to his journey, but not without all courtesies that she could afford him, and namely for one, to relieve the length and tediousness of the way she sent him her own chariot, and thus Galeactus was conveyed in the chariot of so great a princess as far as to the town of Franchium."

This reception is significant as marking Renée's sympathy with the adherents of the Reformed faith, and her admiration of the self-sacrificing spirit in which she had been found wanting. A letter from Calvin at this time, while it warns her of the evils of dissimulation, deals kindly and gently with her.

The death of Henry II of France, who was slain in a tournament, was soon followed by that of the Duke of Ferrara, who died after an illness of eight days in the 52d year of his age. Domestic harmony had never been restored between his wife and himself, and the later years of their married life they dwelt apart, "contrary to each other both in faith and practice."

In the absence of Alfonso, who was at the French court, Renée took the reins of government into her own hands, and by her wisdom and energy showed herself fully equal to the emergency. It was two months before the Duke Alfonso made his public entry into Ferrara, amid the loud acclamations of the people, whose triumphal arches spoke to the eye the welcome incessantly thundered forth by discharges of artillery as the young duke rode to the cathedral, where the oath of fidelity was administered. A strange sight greeted the people that day, testifying to the humanity of the new duke, and to the unrelenting character of his father. This was the release of an aged relative, Giline d' Este, brother of Alfonso I, who had been cast into prison for a conspiracy, and had there suffered

fifty-three years of miserable captivity. Once more restored to the light of day, the aged prisoner, rejoicing in his new and strange freedom, appeared in public before a new generation of men as one who had awakened from a long sleep, arrayed in the costume which he had worn half a century before. We may well ask what effect the sight of this venerable figure, appealing so powerfully to the sensibilities, had upon Renée. Did she know of that long and weary captivity? Surely her good heart would have led her to every effort to open those prison doors, and we can only regard it as a proof of her want of influence with her husband. The will must have been hers, but not the power. Poor Renée, she was soon to be wounded by the hand of her son as she had been by that of her husband. Relying upon his filial affection she no longer concealed her sympathy with the Reformed doctrines, and, in obedience to the mandate of the Pope, Duke Alfonso, after ineffectual prayers of his own, and "exhortations and reasoning of learned and religious persons," set before his mother "the stern alternatives either to change her religion or to depart from Italy. Renée chose exile rather than again to deny her faith," and not a little disconsolate were the inhabitants of Ferrara, who had rejoiced in the presence of the good Duchess Renée for more than thirty years, on learning that she was to leave them forever. "Mightily," says Muratori, "did the loss of the royal princess displease the people of Ferrara, because fascinating every one with the vivacity of her intellect and the sweetness of her manners, she was beloved by every one to a high degree, and so much the more by reason of her unequalled liberality, for she was never weary of aiding the necessitous by alms." The true cause of her departure was not known at Ferrara; it was generally thought that "she went away because dissatisfied with the duke, her son." Just eleven months after the death of her husband Renée left forever the city that had given her so brilliant a reception—a city whose glory was departing. The luster of Renée's court was not again to be rekindled, and Ferrara, under the spiritual and temporal power of the Popes, has become a lifeless and deserted city of the past, chiefly interesting from its having been the prison of Tasso, the home of Ariosto, and the asylum of Calvin.

The return of Renée to the court of France must have awakened sad and monitory reflections. Where were the regal and courtly personages who thirty years before had fretted their brief hour upon the stage? Louise, of Savoy, and Marguerite, of Navarre, the friend of Renée's

youth, were gone, and the children of the good Queen Claude, Francis the dauphin, Henry II, Charles, Duke of Orleans, and Magdalene, the Scottish queen, were alike numbered with the dead. Renée came as the representative of a by-gone generation. She came, too, at a thrilling period in the history of France, at the beginning of those religious wars which have stained with blood so many leaves of her records. Banished from Ferrara on account of her love for the Reformed faith by her own son, she returned to France to find her son-in-law meditating the entire overthrow of the reformation. The Guises, the representatives of the Catholic interest, were in power, and they had imprisoned the leaders of the Huguenots—the Bourbon princes, the brave Condé and Antoine, King of Navarre.

Renée's reception at Orleans was very honorable, "the king and the whole court going out to meet her." Her fearless voice was at once lifted up for the noble prisoners, for the historians of the times tell us that she "sharply reproached her son-in-law, declaring that if she had arrived before Condé was imprisoned she would have hindered it, warned Guise to desist in future from offering violence to princes of the royal stock, for that such wounds would bleed long, and that it never ended well with any one who had been first in the assault upon chiefs of royal blood." These brave words, if they did not move the Guises to mercy, must have cheered the hearts of the reformed, whose lives and liberties were now menaced. But a mightier power than that of Renée saved the lives of the Bourbon princes. Death, who is no respecter of kings, laid his unsparing hand upon the cruel Francis II, and with the monarch ended the reign of the Guises. It was for the interest of the queen mother, Catherine de Medici, to favor the cause of the Bourbons, and she lent a willing ear to the petition of the Duchess of Montpensier and the Chancellor l' Hôpital in behalf of the brave Condé, who was released from imprisonment. The new king, Charles IX, of infamous memory, who succeeded his brother at the age of ten years, opened the States-General at Orleans on the 13th of December, 1560, and the name of Renée, Duchess of Ferrara, is mentioned among those of the royal personages present on that occasion.

At this time Renée sent for Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, the English ambassador, and through him conveyed to Queen Elizabeth her sentiment of respect and admiration for her as a Christian and virtuous queen, who had set forth the true service, glory and honor of God, and advanced his kingdom in her own realm

and that of Scotland. These sentiments were graciously responded to by a letter from Elizabeth conveyed by Bedford to the hands of Renée.

Renée was deeply interested in the struggle that now convulsed France. She had had some agency in the conversion of those leaders of the French Reformation who most truly represented its principles. Gaspard de Coligny, Admiral of France, and his brother, Francois d' Andelot, Colonel-General of the French infantry, had been favorably disposed toward the Reformed faith by the teachings of their mother, Louise de Montmorency, sister of the Constable. But it was in the prison of Milan that the heart of d' Andelot welcomed the purer faith, as in those still, solitary hours he read and meditated upon books sent him from Ferrara by the Duchess Renée. And as Andrew first found his own brother Simon and brought him to Jesus, so d' Andelot ministered to his brother, when a captive after the battle of St. Quentin, the same rich consolations that had illumined the darkness of his own prison, and led him, through the perusal of the Bible and godly books which he sent to him, to Jesus. When released from captivity he devoted himself, with his noble wife, Charlotte de Saval, to the study of the Scriptures, and his brother Odet, a cardinal, who shared this study with him, renounced in consequence his priestly office and all his ecclesiastical benefices and dignities.

Renée accompanied the court of the young king Charles IX to Fontainebleau, but she shortly after repaired to Montargis, which was henceforth to become the home of her widowhood. This city, assigned to Renée "in compensation for any conceivable claims which she might prefer to her ancestral rights," was bordered by an extensive forest, and situated on the banks of the Loing, about sixty miles south of Paris. Here Renée, known as the "Dame de Montargis," gave an asylum to the persecuted Huguenots, who were driven from their homes by the storms of war. No less than three hundred of those oppressed people were housed, fed, and clothed under the roof of the old castle, formerly used as a royal nursery, and called the "Cradle of the children of France," and now affording shelter to the "little ones" of the Lord who had gone to a far country, but who had promised to reward even the gift of a cup of cold water given in his name. Montargis has been made memorable by two women whose names the world will not willingly let die. Madame Guyon was born here nearly a hundred years after Renée took up her abode in a city which she enriched with architectural ornament, cheered

with her charities, and where her remains rest awaiting the call of the resurrection.

Montargis was not worthy of so royal a guest, and not a year passed before Renée was obliged to prove that she had strength as well as goodness. The massacre at Vassy by the Guises sounded the alarm throughout the land. The Huguenots, who composed nearly a third of the population of three thousand, had assembled, under the protection of the new edict, without the walls for their worship on Sunday morning, when the Guises, on their way from Joinville to Paris with their armed escort, entered the barn where the congregation were assembled, and fired upon the helpless people. Sixty-four were slain and two hundred were grievously wounded, and the only voice of mercy heard in their behalf was that of Anna d' Este, Duchess of Guise. As soon as this terrible news reached Montargis Renée ordered the gates of the town to be closed, and forbade the ingress or egress of either Catholic or Huguenot. Michel Barreau, "master of the woods and waters" of Montargis, and warden of the Magdalen church, favored by the magistrates, who declared that the Huguenots were about to throw down the images, placed a garrison of sixty armed men in the church, who were to sally forth at midnight and cut the throats of the Protestants. Renée prohibited, by the town bailiff, the assembling of persons day or night, but in spite of this prohibition six or seven hundred of the mutinous persons assembled in the temple with arms in their hands, rushed to the house of a poor blind innkeeper, whom they attempted to kill, but as he made his escape they killed his wife, and proceeded to attack the house of the Huguenots. Renée sent down from the castle several gentlemen of her household to appease the tumult, while she obtained from the Prince of Condé at Orleans horse and foot soldiers to repress this mutiny. They disarmed the mutineers, carrying their arms to the castle, and imprisoned some of them. Three were hung, and the rest were pardoned by Renée, who had by her prompt measures imprinted a wholesome dread of her authority upon the people, so that "Montargis became a place of refuge for the Huguenots from several parts of the kingdom, from Paris, Melun, Neumont, Louis, Lens, Blois, and Tours."

When Condé's soldiers departed Renée levied a few soldiers to guard the castle and the gates of the town, which was now threatened with a new danger—the presence of the royal army on its return from the siege of Bourges. The Duchess advised the Reformed ministers to retire for a while to the chateau of one friendly to the faith, and she invited the Huguenots of the town

to take refuge in the castle from the dangers attending the occupation of the town by violent and cruel soldiers. Her castle, crowded to overflowing by the terrified people, could not have been very attractive to her royal guests, who, with the Guises, arrived at Montargis. "Charles," it is said, "caressed much the lady, his aunt, kissing her several times, and shedding tears." It was thence concluded that "these contests at that time pleased him not." The Huguenots being beyond the reach of the fury of the bigoted soldiery, they tore down the seats and pulpit of the Protestant church and reerected images and altars in places whence the Reformed had banished them. Rude threats were uttered, but at the request of Renée the king gave a proclamation by the sound of a trumpet that no outrage should be offered to any partisan of either creed under penalty of death. A soldier who disobeyed this ordinance was immediately hung, so that tranquillity was from that time established. At the departure of the Duke of Guise he deprived Renée, the mother of his wife, Anna d' Este, of the guardianship of Montargis, and committed it to Reynandes, an archer of the guard, and an apostate from the Reformed faith. He also forbade her admitting her own domestics to hear the instructions of the Huguenot ministers. Some time after he struck another blow at Renée's peace. Her noble friends could no longer aid her. The King of Navarre was dead of a wound received at the siege of Rouen, the Prince of Condé had been the prisoner of Guise since the fatal day of Dreux, and the Constable was shut up in Orleans, which Guise was now besieging. So the Duke gave orders in the king's name that "the Duchess Renée," albeit she was his mother-in-law, advanced in years and diseased in body, "should be removed from Montargis, 'that nest of Huguenots,' and be required to take up her abode in one of the three palaces, Fontainebleau, St. Germain-en-Laye, or the Bois de Vincennes." This was ordered on plea of the king's service, the town and castle of Montargis being declared of very great importance. Poulin, Baron of the guard, was charged with this commission by letters express from the queen mother, and the Sieur de Malicorne, followed with four companies of horse to intimidate the Duchess and compel her to submission. The citizens opened the gates and welcomed the invaders. From the window of the chateau Renée looked down upon the furious mob and savage soldiery as they wreaked their vengeance on a helpless Huguenot; but she was brave and strong, and she gave a fearless reply to the summons of surrender. She said that she saw plainly that it was not for the king's

service they wished to dislodge her, that Montargis was not a place of great importance, as neither the town nor the castle were tenable against assault, and that, moreover, it was already in the hands of an archer of the guard. She said that to place her in either of the above-mentioned palaces, which were unfortified, and two of which were at the gates of Paris, would expose her to the risk of slaughter, which she had not merited, and which she well knew the king, her nephew, did not intend. She, therefore, desired to be better informed of the king's will, and prayed Poulin to return to court with a gentleman of her household for the better understanding thereof. During the absence of Poulin Malicorne threatened an assault of the citadel by a storming party with battering engines, but he quailed before the woman whose spirit rose nobly in the hour of danger. Her "words were half battles." They have the true ring in them. "She bid him beware what he did, for that no one throughout the whole realm of France, except the king, had authority over her, and she assured him that if he came against her castle with artillery she would place herself first upon the breach, and would try at the risk of her life whether he or any other besides him were so foolhardy as to dare to slay the daughter of the best and mightiest of kings!" Malicorne, dismayed at her stern determination, abandoned his design of taking and plundering the castle, and on receiving the news that the Duke of Guise was mortally wounded, hastened to Orleans, and "thus," says Beza, "was Montargis preserved with those who had retired thither, each of whom returned afterward to his house in hope of the enjoyment of the edict of peace."

The assassin of the Duke of Guise accused Admiral Coligni of complicity with the murderer, and Antoinette de Bourbon, mother of the late duke, and Anna d' Este, his widow, demanded justice of the king. Coligni, however, solemnly denied that he was guilty, and a reconciliation was at length effected. Anna may have been the more ready to believe that the Admiral was innocent and that her duty to her former husband was faithfully discharged, as she was now betrothed to the Duke de Nemours. He was esteemed "one of the most perfect and accomplished of princes, lords, and gentlemen," and she "la plus belle et la plus spirituelle princesse de l'Europe." The nuptials took place at St. Maur in 1566, not honored by the presence of Renée, whose correspondence, however, with her son-in-law in after years shows that the relations between them were harmonious and agreeable.

Darker and longer fell the shadows over the few remaining years of Renée's life. She had many perplexities in reference to her dowry in France, part of which was unjustly taken from her. But heavier sorrows must have wounded her heart in the loss of her friends and the desolation of her country. Calvin, who maintained his correspondence with her to the last, died in Geneva on the 27th of May, 1564, and thus closed the earthly records of a friendship which had for so long interwoven its strong and enduring fibers with the web of her life. The second religious war soon began, and was brought to an inglorious termination by the treaty of Longjumeau, intended only to delude the Huguenots. The conditions of the treaty were not fulfilled, and the arrest of Condé and Coligny was determined upon. These Huguenot leaders, reënforced at New Rochelle by the Queen of Navarre, with her son, Prince Henry, and four thousand men, found themselves at the head of the strongest army they had yet commanded, and the third "religious war" began. The Duke of Anjou, the king's brother, though at the head of 28,000 men, dared not offer them battle through the Winter, and it was not till March that the battle of Jarnac was fought which deprived the Reformed of their gallant leader, Louis, Prince of Condé. D'Andelot, brother of Coligny, died of a fever at Saintes on the 27th of May, and the defeat at Monconton on the third of October, when Coligny received three wounds, crowned the disasters of the Huguenots. Even Montargis had ceased to be the asylum of the oppressed. Not that Renée had become less loving and less pitiful, but so great a concourse of people had fled to this serene abode after the massacre of the Reformed at Orleans in 1569, that the preachers in Paris persuaded the king to force Renée to turn away four hundred and sixty persons, two-thirds of whom were women and young children. It was with no quiet grief that Renée bade this helpless company depart from the hospitable roof that could no longer protect them. "Bursting into tears," she said to Malicorne, who had once before witnessed the outburst of her indignation, "that if she had on her chin what he had on his she would kill him with her own hands as a messenger of death." Being threatened with a garrison she was obliged to dismiss them, but she furnished them with a hundred and fifty wagons, light traveling-coaches, and a great many horses. But "in those times there was no peace to him that went out nor to him that came in, but great vexations were upon all the inhabitants of all countries." These poor people were pursued by two hundred horsemen of the Roman Catholic army. Their minis-

ters threw themselves on their knees with their timid flock, and, exhorting them to die with constancy, began to sing a psalm, when help came to those who were ready to perish. Suddenly from between two hills a body of horsemen eight hundred strong, headed by Captain Bec de Bourry, a Huguenot, rode toward them. He was on his way from Bourges to La Charite, and his timely succor saved the trembling company. He charged the foe, put them to flight, and escorted the fugitives to La Charite.

Life must have been a weary pilgrimage to Renée, and ere it was ended her heart was to be pierced with a poignant sorrow. She was invited by the king to the ill-omened nuptials of Marguerite of Valois with Henry of Navarre on the 18th of August, 1572, and she intended to be present if her health allowed her. A letter is extant from her daughter, Anna d' Este, dated September 11th, in which she expresses her anxiety at not having heard from her "since her return to Montargis." There is, then, room for conjecture as to whether Renée was in Paris during the bloody scenes of St. Bartholomew's day, and there heard of the assassination of her valued friend Coligny. The tidings, whether they reached her in Paris or at Montargis, coupled with the thought that her own daughter was implicated in this horror of great darkness, must have imbibed her last hours, and made her rejoice to lay down the burden of life, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

She died on the 12th of June, 1575, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, and was buried in the Church belonging to the castle of Montargis. On her tomb were engraved her armorial bearings and cipher—the arms of France and Ferrara, with the inscription, "Renée de France, Duchesse de Chartres, Comtesse de Gisors et Dame de Montargis."

We can not better close these memorials of the life of one who, singularly pure and unworldly, seemed ever mindful of the wants and woes of humanity; given to hospitality in the largest sense of the apostolic precept, and enjoying to an unusual degree the luxury of doing good, than in the beautiful words of Milton,

"Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death called life, which us from life doth sever.
Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavor
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Followed thee up to joy and bliss forever."

—○○○—

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.

BLOODLESS VICTORIES.

BY MRS. F. M. ROWE.

I HAD been asleep—actually asleep—in spite of my fine resolves to study just so many pages of Latin each day of my vacation, but I had thrown myself upon a heap of new-mown hay, beneath the shade of a wide-spreading tree, and neither time nor place favored study; nature was too attractive, and so I lay dreamily watching the light, fleecy clouds float by and the airy thistle-down, which somebody calls the “very ghost of flowers,” till lulled into sweet oblivion by the soft music of the insect world around, my senses floated off with clouds and thistle-down, and so I slept. But, ah! to have a rude awakening; there came the sound of drum and fife, and pistol shots, mingled with the cheering of boys and barking of dogs, and in an instant the truth flashed upon me. There was a merry party staying at the old farmhouse; nearly all of my young cousins were there for the holidays, and they were having the *sham battle* which had been talked of for some days. So gathering up my book and my scattered senses, I started for the scene of action. Upon reaching a remote part of the woods a ridiculous sight met my eye. Perched upon the trunk of a fallen tree sat the little ones of the party, acting as “band” to the regiment, and by their animated efforts upon the drum and fife inspiring the soldiers on to victory. Somewhat in the rear stood four of the older girls, with their white handkerchiefs pinned demurely down under their chins, and, according to army regulations, “without hoops,” waiting the issue of the battle, to act in their capacity of nurses. Even our poor lame Harry, crutches and all, had turned out, armed with a box of carpenter’s tools, to fill the important post of surgeon. The smoke was so dense and the popping of some sort of combustibles so incessant, that I was at first really alarmed lest serious mischief might occur; but the girls assured me that it was produced by nothing worse than an ingenious combination of fire-crackers, “warranted to make a noise, but not kill.” However, the fiercest battle must have an end, and so victory was finally declared in favor of those boys whose ammunition held out the longest, and who had the fewest wounded; for on the vanquished side some three or four were stretched out on the grass, quite ready to yield themselves into the hands of their gentle nurses. But as the girls bent over them in mock sympathy, bathing their heated brows or moistening their lips, I could bear it no longer; for there

arose up before me our real battle-fields, where the light of so many homes and hearts had gone out forever, and I called out in agony to the girls, “O pray, do n’t, even in play; it seems as if you were mocking at bleeding hearts all over our land!”

My serious words and manner terminated the romp, of which they were all quite tired, and the merry group were soon stretched around me upon the grass in every conceivable attitude.

“Cousin Margie,” said Will Howard, our victorious captain, “you do n’t know how I long to be a man, when I read of the youth all over the country giving up home, friends, occupation, every thing to rally around our glorious banner. I feel almost ashamed of myself for being only sixteen; and sometimes when I am plodding along with my books under my arm, looking the very demurest of school-boys, my heart is beating great thumps under my jacket as I picture to myself the field of battle, and I, mounted on a splendid charger, leading my men on to victory.”

“O! then you never contemplate the possibility of a defeat?” quaintly asked his sister Mary, one of the would-be nurses.

“Not I,” replied Will; “never catch me looking at the dark side of any thing; my eye is fixed on nothing but victory and glory.”

“Well,” continued Mary, “I do not care for glory, at least not your kind of glory. My heart’s desire is to become a Florence Nightingale. There is no woman on the face of the earth I honor more, or whom I should more like to imitate. Was n’t it beautiful, that act of the sick soldier in the Crimea, kissing her shadow upon his pillow as she passed?”

“O that is the part of the play you admire most, is it, sister? But I am afraid you would never have your shadow kissed. You are not big enough to cast a respectable-sized one; and as to nursing, that is a good joke, when you faint at the sight of blood.”

“Now, Will, it is a shame for you always to bring that up, when you know it was but once, when I was weak from illness. I am sure I could nerve myself to endure any thing, if my will and heart were both in the work.”

“That is the true secret of success in all the undertakings of life,” said I, “but I was just about to tell Will, that I believe the greatest victories men ever achieve are not those on the battle-field. I will explain my meaning better perhaps by giving you an extract from a letter which I received this morning from my friend, Ann Marshall. She writes thus: ‘The fire of military enthusiasm, which is kindling our whole land, though noble in its aim, is bringing sorrow

upon many households, and I can not tell you how I have suffered on dear Frank's account. From the first moment of the uprising his whole soul seemed to be in the cause, and under his superintendence a company of home-guards was soon formed, of which he was elected captain. My poor mother, who, you know, has been a confirmed invalid for many years, was only half satisfied by the assurance that it was a *home* company; but as Frank, in the midst of his arduous drilling duties, was never absent at the regular times for lifting her in or out of her chair, she did not fret about it as much as we feared she might. Then as the war progressed my brother's company grew restless, their young spirits chafed to be in actual service; and Frank came home to me one night, pale with emotion. "Sister," said he, "I feel that the greatest trial of my life is approaching. Our boys have almost decided to enlist for the war, and now which must I give up, my desire to serve my country and her noble cause, or my dear old mother?" How could I answer him? He was our all—the very apple of my mother's eye, and I felt that if he left us now the silver cord of her frail life would soon be loosened; but for myself for years I had "scarcely nursed a thought that was not his." Our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows were identical, and he had led me on step by step, till my wild enthusiasm in our country's cause nearly equaled his own, and I felt like the Spartan mothers of old, that I could buckle on his armor and bid him Godspeed. The day after this conversation a gossiping neighbor, sitting beside my mother, poured forth her lamentations over the home-guards' decision to leave for the war, adding, no doubt in well-meant sympathy, "Dear me, Mrs. Marshall, I do feel so sorry for you having to let your only son go." A startled cry from mother, followed by a long fainting fit, revealed to the astonished woman her indiscretion. It was the night of their meeting, and Frank was to give his final answer to the company. As usual before he left, he tenderly lifted mother into bed, and bent down to receive her good-night kiss; a wasted, trembling hand was placed upon his head, and the words came slowly forth which sealed his fate, "God bless my good son! I know he will not go to the war and leave his poor mother to die without his dear face to look upon." Frank slowly left the room and ascended to his own. I dared not follow him in, but the door was ajar, and I saw the strong man on his knees, his face buried in his pillow, while great sobs seemed to shake his frame. I closed the door and left him alone with the God of battles; the same God in whose

book it is written, "Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." In a little while Frank came down quiet and composed, but with the look of one who has passed through a great conflict. Tenderly kissing me he said, "Sister, I think I have gained the victory, not over the enemy, however, but over myself. And now I must pass through the other heavy ordeal, that of announcing my decision at the armory." A friend has told me since that there was hardly a dry eye in the drill-room that night; nearly all the company were Frank's schoolmates and playfellows; they knew him thoroughly and honored him. He stood up in his manly strength and beauty and told them of his mother's words, and of the sacrifice of his loftiest ambition which he felt bound to make—adding, "I thank God, my brave comrades, that none of you doubt me. If I had a dozen lives I would freely give them all to stand or fall by your side; but my mother's life is not mine to give, and for the present duty points to her bedside as the place for me. So good-by, my brave fellows; may God and victory be with you! and perhaps at some future day I shall fight just as cheerfully in the ranks as if I had been your captain." Three deafening cheers were given for Frank Marshall, and he came home a sadder but a holier man. His company left the next day with their newly-appointed captain, and for a week he and I never mentioned the subject. He is becoming more cheerful now, and his victory over himself is complete; for never by word or look will our dear mother discover that his filial obedience almost broke his heart.

"I shall not apologize for such a long letter, knowing, as I do, how much interest you feel in all that pertains to us." And now, Will," said I, folding up the letter, "how do you think you would come out of such a conflict?"

"Fortunately for me, I shall never be put to such a test," answered Will. "My mother has three other 'apples to her eye,' to say nothing of the half dozen girls; so you have n't spoiled my visions of victory on the battle-field yet."

We had breakfast by sunrise next morning; and such a merry, chattering breakfast as it was! That being over, the horses were brought around, and the old wagon, with clean straw spread over the bottom, for those of us who were too young or too timid to ride; for we were going upon a grand excursion of ten miles, to sleep at a friend's house, and not return till the next night. Mary Howard was in the most exuberant spirits, and looking so pretty in her neatly-fitting habit and jockey hat. Suddenly she clapped her hands, exclaiming, "There, there

is the postman coming up the road; now we shall have some sweet words from home to fill up our cup of happiness!"

It did not take long to distribute our several letters, nor to read them; but I was roused from mine by hearing one of the little ones exclaim, "Why, what is the matter with Mary?" I looked, and what a change had come over the blooming girl! She was sitting on the step with her face bowed over her letter, upon which a perfect shower of tears was falling. "What is it?" exclaimed a dozen voices at once. As soon as her tears would allow her, she told us that there was a "perfect accumulation of trouble at home. Father has been for some time laid up with one of his bad attacks of gout. Last week mother allowed our good nurse to go for a visit to her sick sister, and yesterday the twins were taken down with measles, with a prospect of its going through the family. Mother says she can not bear to ask me to come home; if I am enjoying myself very much indeed, she will try to do without me; but if I feel quite willing to return, farmer Jones will be going in this afternoon and will take me. Now, what shall I do, cousin Margie? My duty seems as clear as it is imperative. It requires me to be at the side of my mother. I can not purchase pleasure at its expense. Yet it will be the very greatest disappointment to me not to go with you all."

"Not greater than it will be to us to have you go home," I exclaimed, "but it is one of those painful decisions that you must make for yourself. I would willingly go in your place if it would do as well."

Mary sat still for a few moments, and I knew by her varying color how strong was the conflict within her. Presently she sprang up and said, "Now I will not detain the rest of you one minute, so be off quickly lest I repent my decision;" then turning to me with a forced smile she added, "I shall go home, cousin, but I certainly did not expect to become a nurse quite so soon."

Long and loud were the lamentations, but all felt that Mary had chosen the right path, and so we left her standing on the porch a victor over self. Circumstances obliged my return to the city in the following week, and one of my first visits was to aunt Howard's. In the sitting-room I found my uncle much better, but with his suffering limb extended upon a chair; and from the adjoining darkened room came the sound of Mary's voice reading to the little ones, interrupted every few minutes by a plaintive tone saying, "Please give me some water;" or, "Please, sister, turn my pillow." Then Mary

must come and give uncle his medicine, no one could do it as carefully as she.

"Molly has borne the sacrifice of her vacation pretty well, do n't you think so, Margie?" said uncle, as he fondly smoothed down her hair; "I do n't know how we should have gotten along without her, the little ones will hardly let her out of their sight."

"Yes, cousin," said Mary gayly, "I have discovered that we often overlook wide fields of usefulness spread out in our homes, and I have quite abandoned my longings after a 'Florence Nightingale' distinction, and even the poetical idea of soldiers kissing my shadow, and feel now quite contented to fulfill my destiny under our own roof-tree."

SUMMER STORM.

BY T. HULBERT UNDEERWOOD.

THE cossack storm-clouds, breast to breast,
Their black hosts dashed against the West,
And fierce against her bosom preast,
Lance, targe, and strike in fearful ire;
But she in might of beauty rose,
And pressing through her swarthy foes,
A form of grander beauty chose,
Ringed in a hemisphere of fire.

The routed rain-clouds rushing by—
Retreating o'er the blood-red sky—
Tailed out their banners wild and high,
Rich oriflammes that blazed afar;
And, with torn fringes, swept the field
Where fierce Achilles' glittering shield
Beneath the dun sky lay concealed,
An astral wheel with central star.

Appalled the ghastly landscape stood,
From mountain crest and forest hood,
From growling rocks and shrieking wood
Rolled heavily a red-tinged rain.
The angry boulders, brown and large,
Leaped headlong from the mountain marge,
And down the gorges led the charge
Of torrents thundering to the plain.

The rainbow, with prismatic rings,
Athwart the storm its glory flings,
And shakes out beauty from its wings,
That lights the darkness with its sheen.
A ring from God's right finger thrown—
With fire and dust of jewels strown—
That clasps the mid-air, as a zone,
The waist of an Egyptian queen.

Beneath this elemental wand,
As from the touch of God's right hand,
The parting clouds drift out and strand
Upon the far horizon's shore.
O'er all the ocean of the sky
The helmless cloud-ships, hurrying, fly,
Drift o'er the verge—lost to the eye—
And cloud and storm are seen no more.

THE PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

"Fond man! though all the honor of your line
Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine
In proud display, yet take this truth from me—
Virtue alone is true nobility!"

TO be descended from a race of noble and virtuous ancestors is certainly not undesirable; but the pride of ancestry in itself, without the accompaniment of the deeds of virtue, is, at once, empty and unreasonable. A man's own character, divorced from every other consideration, is the whole complement of his worth in the world: if he has stamped upon it the seal of excellence and integrity, it is a possession to him of inappreciable worth; if not, the prestige of his ancestral name is but an enhancement of his real dishonor among all true men. The patent of all true nobility lies in personal virtue. The substantive element must be in the man himself: what he has done on life's stage for the ennoblement of himself and of his race, and not the adventitious circumstance of birth, is the real standard by which his manhood is invested with its true character of dignity and moral worth. That which is fortuitous, and which, by consequence, lies apart from him, forms no part of his honor or dishonor: what he is in himself is always the precise measure of his worth. This is the test of reason and common-sense. Virtue in the characters of worthy ancestors is merited fame; but vice in the descendants of such ancestors is a blot on the name and character which no pedigree can remove. On this point Ben Jonson's idea is very discriminating and appreciative. Says he,

"Boast not these titles of your ancestors,
Brave youths; they're their possessions, not your own:
When your own virtues equal'd have their names,
'T will be but fair to lean upon their fames,
For they are strong supporters; but, till then,
The greatest are but growing gentlemen."

So every man is the architect of his own fame or infamy. He rears the temple of character on the foundation of his excellences and virtues; or he builds his infamy on that of his follies and vices. No man can possibly have a just fame in the world's reckoning, but who has earned it by dint of his own meritorious effort. Whatever meed of honor humanity's verdict has to award him, is the result of no favorable accident: it is, at once, the price of self-achieved merit. It is true that adventitious circumstances do sometimes flush men with temporary honors; but not founded in desert,

they fade away of necessity by the breath of time's infallible test. Nothing can live—live as a thing of value in the judgment and memory of humanity—but that which is immortal: hence the permanency of the deeds of virtue, because virtue is immortal.

The rewards of moral excellence, unlike hereditary honors, are always self-earned. The genuine man—that man who rears a character high enough for the world to gaze upon its splendid moral proportions—disdains to claim any thing that does not of right belong to his own individuality. While he holds in sufficient estimation whatever of honor may attach to his ancestral name, he dares to aspire after the honor which only comes to enoble him who has won it in the career of merit and self-action. Magnanimous and noble, he says with Percival,

"I am one
Who finds within me a nobility,
That spurns the idle pratings of the great,
And their mean boast of what their fathers were,
While they themselves are fools effeminate,
The scorn of all who know the worth of mind
And virtue."

That man is indeed weak who looks outside of himself for honorable recognition among men. He lacks the essential element of manhood, because he dwarfs himself by a miserable self-negation. Such a mean spirit would be something at the expense of the virtuous toil of others. Stand would he,

"For fame on his forefathers' feet
By heraldy proved valiant or discreet!"

Nor are these characters, who make the empty boast of the fame of their ancestry, "few or far between." We meet them in all the walks of life. They turn up on every hand; and despite one's self, as we must say in conclusion, whether these choice spirits of humanity, par excellence, parade their pretensions before us in the city full or in the country sparse, the words of Gifford in his translation of Juvenal will recur to the mind:

"Your ancient house?" No more. I can not see
The wondrous merits of a pedigree:
Nor of a proud display
Of smoky ancestors in wax and clay."

—•—
EPITAPH FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

BY REV. W. LEASK.

A LITTLE casket, hid from view,
Among these ashes lies,
The gem is safe with Jesus Christ,
Resplendent in the skies.

LIGHT AS A VITAL STIMULUS.

BY C. G. COMEGYS, M. D.

ORGANIZED structures, animal and vegetable, exhibit vitality or the phenomena of life. This property has no counterpart in other departments of nature. We have seen in a former article that life force is "correlated" to other forces; but vital actions are never developed except in organized substances, vegetable or animal. The chemist has analyzed the germs or starting-points, and has exactly determined the various elements and number of their equivalents, and it would seem to be an easy task for these recondite men, by synthesis, or the bringing together these same varieties and equivalents, to produce a germ; indeed, the materialist philosopher, such as Voltaire, derided the chemist of his day for the weakness of his art in not being able to combine again what he had separated, so that an identical structure could be reproduced. Life, it was then asserted, and it is the dream of the materialist still, is a fortuitous organic synthesis; it is in the chemist's art, but has only thus far eluded his powers. Vain hope! there is something wanting in this combination which the chemist's art can never supply. It is that which the symmetrical form of the first man lacked as he came from the plastic hand of his Maker, till he breathed into it the breath of life and man became a living soul. It is what the dead body lacks,

"Ere yet decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

If the organic chemist could create the simplest monad that trembles in the twilight of animal organisms, or the minutest and most viewless vegetable germ in the air, the materialist would triumph. "Give me," exclaimed the enthused Archimedes, "a fulcrum for my lever, and I can lift the world;" and the alchemist could cry out, "Give me an organic germ, and I can build up a living universe!" These germs are the *materia substrata* of vital actions.

Not only does the organic chemist fail to create germs, but also he is impotent to produce the raw materials that subserve the growth and development of living beings. He can analyze perfectly albumen, or the substance of the egg; fibrin, or the coagulable principle of the blood; and casein, or the solid part of milk; but he can make neither of these by his art.

It, perhaps, should be mentioned that Mr. Cross, of England—his account may be seen in the "Vestiges of Creation"—has assumed by physical agencies to create living beings. By

the protracted action of electricity on an inorganic substance, which he took every precaution to deprive of germs, he saw at last emerge a worm, which, in honor of its discoverer, or as he fain would be considered its creator, was denominated the *Acarus Crossi*, or Cross's Mite. Triumphant he sent one to the physiologists of Paris to disprove the notion that animals are products of generation—that they must be born of similar beings; and to prove the opposite notion, that life is the product of a fortuitous arrangement of elemental matter. But, alas, poor man! the searching powers of the microscope, in the hands of the dubious and facile Frenchman, showed, by the ova it contained, that its existence was according to the common law.

These organic germs, vegetable and animal, are every-where in the earth, the waters, and the air, invisible to us often, but seizing upon every nutritious spot to grow up and develop themselves. The minute coral polyp builds from the foundation of the sea story upon story, in fantastic forms, his calcareous mausoleum, till, after ages of toil by countless generations, it reaches the surface of the waters, where drift and sea-weeds lodge and decay, forming the fostering soil for germs of the luxuriant vegetation of tropical islands and continents. And so upon most inhospitable rocks, lava-beds, arid regions from the equator to the snowy promontories of polar seas, is extended the empire of Flora.

"In the beginning" every species of animal or vegetable was made full-grown and perfect, but with reproductive powers; the herb was to yield its seed after its kind, and the fruit-tree; and the tribes in the waters, in the air, and on the earth, were to be fruitful and multiply.

There are conditions of vital actions of greatest interest in our investigations. Notwithstanding the peculiar endowments of germs in seed of plants or eggs of animals, nothing would ever be developed from either without the influence of external agencies. Grains of wheat have been found in the wrappings of the mummy, where they had lain dormant for three thousand years, but when put in relation to external stimuli, such as light, heat, and moisture, have sprung up and made a harvest; so an egg will lay quiescent till it decays, unless external influences develop its life; let it but have the stimulating properties of heat, and what a transformation takes place in its substance! A living being in due time, possessed of wonderful organs and functions, steps forth self-sustaining.

The material and dynamic conditions of life should become a study with every intelligent

person. The food of plants and animals, including man, must not only be nutritious, but properly prepared; and when this is all that can be desired, the dynamical conditions furnished by light and heat, more particularly, must be superadded, or healthy growth and development can not take place. If there be no richness in a soil, however plentiful the light, the heat, and the moisture, a sickly, unproductive dwarf is only grown: on the other hand, however rich the soil, without light, and heat, and moisture, no development is seen.

Vital actions are more clearly traced to the agency of light and heat than to any other conditions. Electricity furnishes some aid, and moisture is indispensable. We propose to consider each separately, and first take up light as a vital stimulus.

When the Bible states that God said first of all, "let there be light!" it harmonizes precisely with the rank which this agent holds in relation to the vital products of our globe; for "without light," says Lavoisier, "nature were without life and without soul, and a beneficent God in shedding light over the creation strewed the earth with organization, with sensation, and with thought." Under its influence alone can all those changes, by which the elements of matter in the earth, air, and water, are converted into vegetable growth be effected. Animals can not find subsistence in earthy matter, or in the particles of matter floating in the atmosphere or in the waters; but plants do; and thus possessing superior powers over crude substances elaborate them into all the varieties of grasses, grains, and fruits upon which animals subsist.

Professor Draper, in his work on the "Forces which produce the Organization of Plants," gives us experiments which illustrate some of the simplest phenomena in vegetable growth under the influence of light. "If one expose some spring water to the sunshine, though it may have been clear and transparent at first, it presently begins to assume a greenish tint; and after a while flocks of green matter collect on the sides of the vessel in which it is contained. On these flocks, whenever the sun is shining, bubbles of gas may be seen, which, if collected, prove to be a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen gases, the proportion of the two being variable. Meanwhile the green matter rapidly grows; its new parts, as they are developed, being all covered with air-bells, which disappear as soon as the sun has set. If these observations be made upon a stream of water, the current of which runs slowly, it will be discovered that the green matter serves as the food for thousands of aquatic insects which make their habitations in it.

These insects are endowed with powers of rapid locomotion, and possess a highly-organized structure; and in their turn they fall a prey to the fishes which frequent such streams."

This "green matter" is of the same character with that which clings to damp rocks, forms the mold on damp pavements, old shoes and clothing in damp places, and is now known by botanists to be the lowest type of vegetable organization; in short, is vegetable germ-life in various stages of development under the stimulus of light.

The explanation of this development may be stated as follows: In the air and in the water is dissolved a small quantity of carbonic acid. This substance is constantly exhaled by all breathing beings, and by the general processes of combustion, as in wood, stone, and charcoal fires, and is known to be a deadly poison when the air breathed is filled with it. Under the action of light the vegetable germ decomposes this carbonic acid, appropriating the carbon to its growth—carbon is the chief element in vegetable matter—and sets the oxygen free. Now what is thus done by the germs in water, is also performed by germs every-where; they subsist on the carbon of the carbonic acid, which the influence of light enables them to decompose; and the leaves of all plants exposed to sunlight possess the same faculty; so that growth by the destruction of the carbonic acid in the air is made capable by a plant which merely has its roots placed in a jar of water, and not in contact with a soil.

This function of plants is of immense consequence to us; for if there were no means of ridding the atmosphere of this deadly gas, incessantly discharged into it by the breathing of animals and the burning of wood and coal; and as this respiration and combustion at the same time exhaust the oxygen, our earth could not, at last, be a habitable place: its atmosphere would become as deadly as that of a room in which a charcoal furnace is burning; or that of the shut-up well or sink, which contains the "fire-damp."

This point is of great practical importance in regard to the ventilation of houses, churches, and all places of assembly. In breathing, I repeat, we absorb the oxygen, or vital element of the air, and throw out carbonic acid, a deadly gas. To prove this, let any one breathe quietly but deeply into a jar till his expired breath has displaced the common air, and then suspend a lighted candle therein; it instantly goes out; or place a mouse or any living animal in it, and it becomes at once asphyxiated.

In a room, then, containing many persons, as

a church or school-house, a steady supply of pure air should be provided, otherwise there will be deleterious results. It has been ascertained that in a room filled by 800 persons, the air becomes decidedly impure, even with all the doors and windows open. No wonder a congregation becomes stupid under good preaching, breathing this soporific air. No wonder a minister often feels, though thoroughly cognizant of his subject, that he has no spirit—that an incubus is upon him. Yet there is no subject so imperfectly understood as this of ventilation. A family, as was told me recently, occupying a newly-plastered room for a night, thought to counteract the dampness by igniting two charcoal furnaces: they fell asleep to wake no more! A young lady, in my knowledge, very recently undertook to do some ironing, using a charcoal furnace without providing for the escape of the gas externally, and was overcome and found by her friends insensible on the floor, fortunately not too late for resuscitation. The horrible casualty on the British Channel, a few years since, is still fresh in our minds. The captain of a vessel, during a violent gale, drove all his poor deck passengers into a narrow cabin below and closed the hatchway tightly. A few hours afterward, going to release them, to his horror and dismay he found them nearly all dead; those yet living insensible, and restored with greatest difficulty.

We see how in this way plants, by decomposing the deleterious atmospheric gas, keep the air pure; so thus the presence of plants in a room have a valuable influence. This must be said though in respect to the day; for during the night plants exhale carbonic acid, which makes them unhealthy in bed-chambers and close rooms.

It is probable that the minute quantity of carbonic acid in our atmosphere is as much as can be decomposed in the average amount of light which we obtain. In certain parts of the earth, as in Italy, where there are more cloudless skies, plants will grow with greatest luxuriance in an atmosphere charged with eight to ten per cent. of carbonic acid. At Lake Solfatara, where this gas comes to the surface in great quantities, a low species of vegetation, the *confervæ*, is so developed upon its waters as to form floating islands.

There is abundant geological proof of the existence, in remote preadamite periods, of an atmosphere surcharged with carbonic acid, which, under the intense light and heat of those times, contributed to the extraordinary luxuriance of the vegetation whose subsequent disintegration has furnished us with the invaluable mines of

coal, and where are found evidences of vegetable structures which have no counterparts even in gigantic tropical growths.

It is interesting to determine what elements of the sunbeam thus affect plants. Professor Draper, by his experiments, has very accurately determined this question. He found that it was the illuminating rather than the heating or chemical portions acting upon plants that subserve this work of decomposing carbonic acid; that is to say, the yellow ray verging into the orange on one side, and into the green on the other. In the red portion and in the blue, which respectively represent the heating and chemical elements, little or no influence was exerted.

Another influence of light upon plants, is the regulation of their evaporative actions. The roots absorb rapidly water and earthy matters dissolved in it destined for the nourishment of the plant: the solid matters becoming fixed in the structure, the superabundant water escapes as vapor through little mouths on the leaf surface; but these little openings are only patent under sunlight—let that be withdrawn and the plant becomes dropsical. We see in this way how horticulturists render certain plants, as celery, more succulent, and blanched too, by covering up the stock to keep off the sunbeam. The firmness of texture, as well as green hue of vegetables, is due to solar light.

There are plants in very arid places, some species of cactus, without these little mouths in their leaves for the escape of vapor, and they contain a large amount of juices, which travelers across deserts, where these cacti abound, refresh themselves upon.

The influence of light upon vital actions in animals is not so well known as in plants, but still of vast importance. Animals do not combine, like vegetables, under its influence the inorganic elements into nutritious material; hence the amount of animal surface for exposure to sunlight is comparatively small. The color of animals, like that of vegetables, is much influenced by light, and undoubtedly the chemical element is that which produces both the one and the other.

Exposure to sun produces *freckles*, and the swarthy hue of people in southern climates, deepening to the black of the negro, can be explained by the action of intense sunlight; and this prolonged influence from generation to generation gives a permanent character to these hues. A colony of Portuguese Jews settled in Zanguebar three centuries ago, and although they have never intermarried with the natives, can not now, as respects color, be distinguished from the Hottentot. The fair-skinned, light-

haired Northerner, would not probably, under similar circumstances, have acquired so readily the tropical hues.

The intenser light of the tropics favors exceedingly the brilliancy of color in birds and insects. When birds of warm climates, distinguished by the splendor of their plumage, are reared under an artificial temperature in our own country, it is uniformly observed that they are much longer in acquiring the hues characteristic of the adult, and that these are never so bright as when they have been produced by the influence of a tropical sun. And it has also been remarked that if cockroaches, which naturally inhabit dark places, be reared in entire seclusion from light, they grow up almost as colorless as plants that are made to vegetate under similar circumstances.

A large number of observations establish the fact that the development of the lowest tribes of animals is very much influenced by the conditions of light to which they are exposed. Thus animalcular production in decaying organic matter is greatly retarded if light be withdrawn. So a greater number of silk-worms are produced from a given quantity of eggs, if the hatching goes on in a light room rather than in one darkened.

But one of the most remarkable instances of the influence of light on development, is shown in the experiment of Dr. Edwards on tadpoles, a little fish, which it is well known is metamorphosed into a frog. This change will not take place if they are kept in dark places; they become gigantic tadpoles, and no further alteration occurs. Most curious, however, is the further fact, that the metamorphosis does take place even in the dark, if they be fed on chlorophyl, or the "green matter" of plants. Now, as the green hue of plants is due to sunlight, it is not too much to say that the tadpole, by eating the chlorophyl, appropriated the same force which in the open air would have secured his transformation. The green parts of plants are never represented in daguerreotype pictures, and it is well understood that these images are formed on the plate by the chemical rays of the sun, the blue and the green; it is, therefore, inferred by the most eminent physicists that chlorophyl is created by the chemical portion of a sunbeam, and Professor Draper shows that it is this portion of light that develops molecular movements into groups that lead to organization. There are other fish found, of large size, in the lakes of dark caverns that are allied to the tadpole species, but never change into air-breathing animals unless brought into light.

Numerous facts from different sources establish that the healthy development of the human body is dependent greatly upon the amount of light to which it is exposed. There is an unusual tendency to deformity among those persons brought up in mines, cellars, dark, narrow streets, badly-lighted houses, and in deep, dark valleys in Alpine regions; while on the other hand remarkable freedom from deformity is seen in those tribes most exposed to light, and who wear very little clothing. In barracks and hospitals there is in the former more liability to disease, three to one, in the soldiers who inhabit the shady side, compared with those who occupy the sunny side; and in the latter it is well known that convalescence is much more rapid with those on the light than those on the dark side of the house.

Practically this is of great importance, then, during epidemics, and in the management of the sick. Let the family room be exposed to light and not be darkened, and the liability to attack, from whatever is prevailing, is lessened as three to one; and so when the acute stage of disease is passed open the blinds and fill the room with light.

It is painful to see the manner of building residences in our cities, where houses are crowded so closely together. The narrow lot is covered with the structure in order to have as many rooms as possible on the same floor, "it is so fatiguing to go up and down stairs." There is consequently so much darkness in the rear apartments, that usually light must be burned most of the time, and unfortunately these rooms are the most frequently occupied by the family. If the back buildings were away the rear of the house would be nearly as well lighted and ventilated as the front. Whatever is saved, then, in the way of ease, is lost in health and sound constitution.

NOT YET.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

THE dread, dark cloud of mystery, fulfilling
The prophecy of ages long ago,
Is passing o'er earth's quivering bosom, thrilling
The heart-throbs of a continent with woe.

Nations against the nations; fearful warning,
Anguish and dire distress; yet these must be,
To usher in the bright millennial morning—
Faith looks beyond, and faith is prophecy.

Not yet! the powers of darkness have their trial;
"How long, O Lord!" the faithful ever cry;
He knoweth best who holds the seventh vial—
The end shall come, and Death himself shall die.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Gleanings.

THAT LIGHT WHICH PRECEDED THE SUN.—*On the first day of creation, "God said, Let there be light: and there was light."* Gen. i. 3.

There are different species of light, as well as different modes of expressing the same element.

1. *Light*—primal light. Some critics maintain that the Hebrew term *esh*, found in the preceding quotation, signifies fire, or caloric, which we deem probable. Isaiah uses the term—"Whose fire is in Zion." Elihu also says: "He directeth . . . his lightning unto the ends of the earth;" that is, his light to the ends of the earth. Isaiah uses it for heat or caloric. Chapter xliv, 16. This latent heat permeates through all nature. Take two pieces of wood, flint, or carnelian, and by friction light is produced as well as fire; but take a tube and suddenly compress the air—heat is the effect produced. This latent light astonishingly exhibits the creative skill and goodness of the Creator.

When it is said "God divided the light from the darkness," etc., we are not to understand that light and darkness are distinct substances, as darkness is only the "privation" of light. The principal sources of heat are the sun, electricity, chemical and mechanical action. The sun himself is the great source of heat and light probably. There is a difference between electricity and lightning; the latter is rather the accumulation of the former. This is discoverable on the discharge of lightning from the clouds. It is supposed there are two sorts of lightning, the negative and the positive.

2. The various allusions to light in the Latin and Greek modes of expression are curious, if nothing more. Permit us, for a moment, to glance at a few. Latin, *lucco*, to shine; lucid orbs ye shine, but you are not translucent; such do not transmit light, or shine through. *Lumen*, with your luminaries; illuminate—it is for in or upon; relumine—re, again or back. *Splendo*, splendor; resplendent—re, back. *Fulgeo*, resplendent, shining with brightness—re, back shining. Also we have *effulgent*—ef is used for forth shining. *Lustrous* are thy beams, yet they do not illustrate, etc.—il, for in, upon; illustrious, etc. Let thy rays fall on us. *Radius*, a spoke of a wheel, or like spokes in the hub of a wheel; so of rays of light that radiate us. Thy radiance, how lovely, etc. They may irradiate, etc. In the Greek manner of expression we have the main term *phos*, light. This is half of the name of the morning star. The other half is *pheirein*, to bear; hence the word *phosphor*; that is, the morning star. Then we have *phosphorus*, that which is made luminous by friction. Then comes the term phosphorescent, a light without heat, which shines in decayed wood. From

it, we have *phos* and *graphein*, to draw or delineate; then our term photography, light-drawing. Then we have *meteoro*s, our meteor, etc. Then *bolis*, the singular of *bolides*, a dart; that is, fire balls, shooting stars. You will remember the morning of the thirteenth of November, 1833, how those *bolides*, or shooting stars, sped through the lower heavens in grandeur and beauty. This was the grandest display of meteors on record. Such are supposed to have their origin in a small comet or planetoid which may happen to come within a few thousand miles of the earth. There are also meteors that fall to the earth in the form of stones, called meteoric stones; then there are electric or phosphoretic balls. Instance: On the morning of the 11th of August, 1859, at 7 o'clock and 20 minutes, thermometer 73°, the air still and the sun shining brightly, a meteoric body of great size and brilliancy was seen in portions of Western New England and Eastern New York, which exploded violently, and threw down to the earth at least one fragment in the vicinity of Albany, New York. This confirms what we previously stated.

3. Light—phos—is used in a physical sense by Sts. Matthew, Mark, Luke,* for a fire-giving light, for a torch, candle, or lamp. Light is also used in a moral sense in the Scriptures. Figuratively taken, a manifest condition of things;† also in higher sense, the eternal source of truth, purity, and joy.‡ God is said to dwell in light inaccessible.|| This seems to refer to his glory, which shone visibly in the holy of holies, where he appeared in a luminous cloud above the mercy-seat, and which none but the high-priest, and this only once a year, was permitted to approach.‡ This was typical of the glory of the celestial world.

Light signifies also instruction by example and doctrine.¶ It applies in the highest sense to Christ, the true light, the Sun of Righteousness, the Author of all illumination and knowledge; of spiritual life and joy to the souls of men; in time and eternity.

4. Light is also used as images in contrast; as light and darkness denoting prosperity and adversity. This use of the word is common in all languages. The Hebrews in their poetry make fine use of it, not merely as images of Spring or the dreary night, but of the sun and stars as rising with increased splendor in a new creation; or darkness, as involved in chaos, etc. There is a moral significance in the proper use of the term light.

A. C.

* Matt. xvii, 2; Luke xxii, 56; Mark xiv, 54; Acts ix, 3; xvi, 29; Ps. cxxxvi, 7. † Figuratively—Matt. x, 27; Luke xii, 3. ¶ 1 John i, 1-5; James i, 17. || 1 Tim. vi, 16. ¶ Lev. xvi, 2. ¶ Matt. v, 16; John v, 35.

DEGREES IN HEAVENLY GLORY.—“*There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory.*” 1 Cor. xv, 41.

Each one who is so blessed as to enter heaven will be perfectly happy, but not in the same degree; and this will not lessen the happiness of that glorified state. The humility of the true Christian would not admit of his happiness being disturbed because there were others higher than himself. He would rejoice that he was admitted at all, and would sing the song of redeeming love with as glad a heart as the highest and holiest of the redeemed.

We love on earth to look up to the good and noble of all time; and though we strive to attain to equal virtue with them, we never envy them. So in heaven we shall delight in looking up to the patriarchs, to Moses and the prophets, the apostles, and all the followers of our blessed Redeemer; but, more than all, in heaven shall we delight in looking up to Him, who hath given his life a ransom for us, and “hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, forever and ever.” M. K.

THE EAGLE STIRRING UP HER YOUNG TO CAUSE HER YOUNG TO FLY.—“*As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord did lead him, [Jacob.] and there was no strange god with him.*” Deut. xxxii, 11, 12.

The eagle, to induce her young to venture from the nest, stirs it up till it is so uncomfortable that they can not well remain in it; then she flutters over them, endeavoring to teach them to use their wings, and if they are still too timid to leave the nest, she takes them upon her own wings to accustom them to the motion through the air, and at the same time to teach them how to exert themselves, and never leaves them till they are fully able to provide for their own wants.

Thus the Lord deals with his people, showing them

the way wherein he would have them go, and then if they are unwilling to walk in it, he removes from them the desire of their hearts and the delight of their eyes, that there may be nothing to entice them away from the path which he has pointed out for them to walk in. Afflictions have ever been found more favorable to the growth of the Christian graces than prosperity; and though it is humbling to confess that those who have tasted the goodness of God should need such discipline to keep them in the narrow way, it is nevertheless sadly true. But this “chastening, whereof we are all partakers,” is sent in mercy, for we have the assurance that “the Lord loveth whom he chasteneth,” and “though for the present it may be grievous,” afterward it worketh the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those who are exercised thereby. M. K.

UNBELIEF OF THOMAS MADE TO WORK GOOD.—“*But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came. The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.*” John xx, 24, 25.

Thomas's unbelief, though most unreasonable, still worked for the furtherance of the Gospel. It has been charged that the apostles being ignorant men, were credulous, and, therefore, liable to be imposed upon by a wicked and designing man. There might be a shadow of truthfulness in this charge had we not abundant evidence to the contrary, prominent among which is this instance of Thomas requiring proof upon proof before he would believe. But when Christ appeared in their midst, the doors being shut, and said to him, “Thomas, reach hither thy finger and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless but believing,” the evidence was overwhelming, and he cried, “My Lord and my God.” M. K.

FOLKS AND GURRIES.

SUPERSTITIOUS USE OF RELICS.—*Acts xix, 11, 12.*—In your October number, page 625, you quote some remarks of Mr. Morier on this passage. Hanway, in his Travels in Persia—Vol. I, p. 177—refers to a similar practice. He says: “After ten days' journey we arrived at a desolate caravansera, where we found nothing but water. I observed a tree covered with rags tied to the branches. These were so many charms which passengers coming from Ghilan, a province remarkable for agues, had left there, in fond expectation of leaving this disease also on the same spot.”

But even in England a somewhat similar superstition once locally prevailed. A manuscript in the Cotton Library marked Julius, f 6, mentions, among other superstitions prevalent in “the lordship of Guisboro, Cleaveland, Yorkshire,” the following: “Between the towns of Aten and Newtown, near the foot of Roseberry Topping, is a well dedicated to St. Aswald. The neighbors have an opinion that a shirt or shift

taken off a sick person and thrown into that well, will show whether the person will recover or die; for if it floated, it denoted the recovery of the person; if it sunk, there remained no hope of life; and to reward the Saint for his intelligence, they tore off a rag of the shirt and left it hanging on the briers thereabouts.”

Rosebury Topping and the towns—now villages—of Aten—now called Little Ayton—and Newtown, I once knew familiarly. Rosebury Topping is the highest hill in Yorkshire, and commands a magnificent view of the German Ocean, and can be seen at an immense distance, its cone-shaped summit rising high above the surrounding hills. The well, or deep spring, referred to in the manuscript, is not at the foot, but very near the summit. To this day its locality is a matter of wonder to the “neighbors,” and though on a steep part of the mountain and always full, it is said that it never overflows.

By the way, the name of this hill occurs in an ad-

mirable specimen of the pure Yorkshire dialect: "What! dunna ye knaw Cannie Yatton, 't foot o' Roasbury Toppen', 't eeest ill i' Yorksheere, as cauld as eesa'top on it, id yattest day i' Summer." W.

AUTHORSHIP OF A QUOTATION.—

"Too wise to err, too good to be unkind,
Are all the movements of the eternal Mind."

In the Ladies' Repository for February, 1861, in an extract from the English Notes and Queries, the above couplet is said to have been written by the Rev. John East, A. M., Incumbent of St. Michaels, Bath, author of a small volume of poems entitled, "Songs of My Pilgrimage," and this work is referred to as probably containing the poem in which the distich may be found. Mr. East's volume, second edition, London, 1839—the same year in which the first appeared—is before me, and the lines are not here, nor do I think they were the production of the author of that work. In my opinion they were written long before his day, but I can not now give any other clew to their authorship.

D. C.

AUTHOR WANTED.—Can you, dear Doctor, or any of your ingenious correspondents, inform me who is the author of the following triad?

"Death stands between eternity and time
With open jaws, on such a narrow bridge
That none can pass, but must become his prey."

I first found it on the back or last page of a tract, but have not been able to trace it to its source. One might suppose these striking lines suggested to Charles Wesley the equally-startling thoughts contained in the subjoined stanza, did we not know they were the effect of impromptu inspiration while the author was standing on a dreadful precipice called "Land's End."

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand
Secure, insensible!
A point of time—a moment's space—
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or—shuts me up in hell!"

D. C.

FOREKNOWLEDGE AND PROBATION.—"If God knew, before the foundation of the world, what would be the fate of the millions who have inhabited it, how could they ever be in a state of trial?"—*Inquirer.*

Answer.—Knowledge or certainty is no intrinsic property of any event in the universe. You may be certain of an act or event, and the same act or event may be uncertain to my mind, but the certainty and uncertainty are expressive of the state of our minds respectively, but do not indicate any property of the act or event itself. Although all the responsible acts of his creatures are known to God, yet are they free and responsible, seeing his knowledge is no property of their acts, and is also without causing influence. Therefore the knowledge of God and a state of freedom and trial are perfectly compatible. The reason why a moral being can not act, only as he acts in accordance with the Divine knowledge, arises from the infinite perfection of the Divine nature, and not from the nature of his acts, whether they are free or otherwise. Also, as it must be assumed that the moral being will pursue the course of moral conduct God fore-

saw he would take, the impossibility of his taking an opposite course does not arise from God's knowledge, but from his want of power or capacity to act in *two opposite moral directions at the same time.* J. L. H.

"TURN TO THE RIGHT."—I have read with much interest an article in the December number of your *national ladies' magazine*, under the head of "Notes and Queries," on the above custom. My own attention has been called to the same subject by noticing in foreign lands, especially in England, that the invariable practice is to turn to the left. While riding on one of the little English vans up the steep ascent of Clifton, near Bristol—one of the most charming, lovely spots we have ever visited—we met a magnificent, queenly-looking, tall young lady, dressed in black, driving a similar team—for the English ladies are generally better horsewomen than their American cousins. We of course turned to the right, as the law—in America—directs. She at the same time instantly reined her horse to the left, and as the street was very narrow and steep, the prospect was any thing but pleasant. However, serious difficulty was escaped, and as we reined our horse to the left, we apologized to the best of our ability by pleading the universal custom of our own land. The English custom would seem to indicate that turning to the right is a new-fangled notion originating with the restless, changing American nation.

S. B. P.

ANSWER TO THE ARAB PROBLEM.—See *December Number.*

1. One Arab owned $\frac{1}{2}$ of the dinner, and the other $\frac{1}{3}$.
2. Each Arab ate $\frac{1}{3}$ of the dinner.
3. One sold $\frac{1}{2} - \frac{1}{3} = \frac{1}{6}$ of the dinner, and the other $\frac{1}{2} - \frac{1}{6} = \frac{5}{6}$.

4. Hence, in the ratio of the amounts sold, they should receive as 7 to 1.

5. Now let $x =$ the number of pieces of money one received, then $8-x =$ the number pieces the other received.

6. Then, $x : 7 :: 8-x : 1$

$$x=56-7x$$

$$8x=56$$

$$x=7, \text{ the share of one.}$$

$8-x=1$, the share of the other. A. J. M.

[Answers have also been received from J. H. S., M. E. M., and T. L. B.]

QUERIES.—*Free Agency.*—1. Does responsible free agency imply *liberty* and *power* to choose sin?

2. Was Christ, in his trial state, a responsible free agent?

3. If Christ, in his trial state, implying *pure humanity*, was a responsible free agent, had he liberty and power to choose sin, fall from all union with God, and frustrate the Divine purpose to redeem the world by his—Christ's—sacrifice?

If he could not have chosen sin, then,

4. Wherein does Christ's free agency differ from the free agency of any other beings—say men—capable of responsible probation?

J. W. S.

INDIAN NAMES.—Many places in our country still retain their Indian names. Will some reader of the Notes and Queries make a catalogue of the principal ones, with their meaning in English? X

Sidewards for Children.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ANIMALS—THE SWALLOWS.—"I am afraid you feel very uncomfortable, my dear," said a Swallow to her husband, as he flew back, with a worm in his mouth, to their nest; "you have appeared very restless all day. Suppose you fly away after our friends, and leave me to take care of our poor little child."

"I would not do so for the world," said the cock Swallow, moving the worm to his claws. "I must own that I sometimes am uneasy at staying here at a time when we all go away to a warmer country; but I will not go alone; and our Flappet would be starved if we deserted him. I can not think how that piece of red worsted got so twisted round his leg, or how the other end got so fastened in with the mud of which our nest was built."

"We have staid two months already," added the hen Swallow; "so perhaps we shall manage to get through the cold Winter. And we will collect as much wool as we can to cover us; and as for food, I hope we shall discover the eggs of insects, and then we can eat them."

So talking together, the old birds reached their young one, who welcomed them home with chirpings of delight.

"I am so glad you are come," said he, "and have brought me a worm; for the wing-cases of the last beetle have stuck in my throat, and I very much wish for some water to wash them down."

"I will fetch you some in my mouth," said his mother, and flew off to the pond. Then they all three lay down in the nest, the young one in the middle, who was covered up by his father's and mother's wings, and went fast asleep.

The next day, after breakfast, the two old ones set off again; and when they returned in the middle of the day, the parents found the young bird half dead with fear. The nest was built in the corner of a false window, fronting the south, so as to catch all the sun's rays; and Flappet sat as well as he could on the edge, and swelled his little throat, as he sang. Presently he saw a great long thing put against the wall close by him, and an enormous creature walk up it, till he came to the nest. He took hold of Flappet, who was sure he was going to be killed, examined the leg which was fastened to the nest, muttered something, and went down again. When he told this to his father and mother, they were very much puzzled and distressed, and determined, however hungry they might be, to stay at home for the rest of the afternoon. By and by the long thing was again put against the wall, which they knew to be a ladder; and then they saw a man come up. When he was close to the nest, they themselves were very much frightened; and as they were not big or strong enough to fight with him, they flew round and round his head, crying loudly for pity on their child. Although he did not know what they said, he saw they were alarmed, and spoke kindly to them, exclaiming that he was going to set the prisoner free. He took a pair of scissors from his pocket, snipped the scarlet worsted in two, and taking the little bird up in his hand, smoothed his head and back, laid him gently in the nest, went down the ladder, and took it away with him.

The old birds were first made to know that their little one was free by his nearly tumbling off the edge of the nest; but they saved him and screamed with joy. The mother staid with him, but the father flew backward and forward, getting food for both; and when it was dark they all again got into the nest; not that they could sleep much, so they lay awake, talking of what they should now do.

In the morning the Swallows breakfasted early, and then Flappet was taught to fly. At first the old birds supported him on each side, but he soon began to feel courage; and as his feathers were full-grown, in a few days they all set out on a long journey to the South. On passing over the head of the gardener who had released Flappet, they gave

him a grateful song of joy, which made him look up and smile. They at first did not go to a very great distance, for their young son was tired. As the leaves were almost all off the other trees, they roosted on the tops of firs. At last they came to the sea, and the mother began to be anxious about her child being able to cross it.

"Courage!" said the father; "if you find he is tired, we can lay him on his back on the top of a wave to rest, and then go on again. But why should we go across the great sea? Why not travel over France?"

"Because it will be colder," answered the mother.

"We can but try," added her husband; and away they all went right across the English Channel to France. They only stopped to get food, and took no notice of the cities and villages, the beautiful and ancient houses, and the charming country; for they knew, as snow was coming, they had no time to lose. The warmth increased; they passed over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and reached Africa, in which continent they intended to pass the rest of the Winter.

The first time the travelers rested for a few days was on the top of a beautiful palm-tree, with its long, straight trunk, and a bunch of leaves at the top, waving about like a plume of feathers. The fruit grew by hundreds in the midst of these leaves, and the insects on which the Swallows fed there made them all fat after their long journey. They next stopped at some stunted-looking trees with yellow blossoms; but as some men were gathering the gum arabic which oozed out of their trunks, they soon left them. At length they came to an immense forest, where grew all sorts of trees, and lived all sorts of insects, particularly on the outskirts; for those creatures who love the sun do not frequent the inmost parts, the leaves being so thick there that the sun can not get to them.

The little birds were quite happy in their new home; sometimes they sheltered themselves from the fierce heat by sitting under the boughs; and at evening they darted after the numerous insects which dittered through the air in thousands; some looking as if they were covered with gold, others as if their backs were set with precious stones; many were of the brightest green, some red. Then there were horned beetles; and those which fed on wood had such hard backs that Flappet pecked at them without making even a hole in them. A very large one used often to come in his way, and he was quite surprised that he never even moved when attacked; his father laughed and said, "Ah, Flappet, it is of no use; you can never get the better of him. Men call him Goliath, because he is such a size." The fire-flies, however, surprised the young Swallow more than any thing; for he thought they were little flames dancing about. There were a great many insects, the front and hind parts of which were joined together by a small tube; and by day the most splendid butterflies flew in all directions, some of which had their wings fringed with feathers.

The Swallows ran some danger from the vultures and eagles, who chased them, and who could have snapped them up in a minute; and a still worse danger happened to Flappet. He was very busily engaged picking little brown bugs from the beautiful Jasmin which hung over the bough of a tree, when a scream from his mother startled him and made him fly away very suddenly. It was a narrow escape; for a snake was on the next bough, who had drawn himself back in order to make a spring at the bird.

Flappet's father and mother loved him so very much, on account of his having been a prisoner so long in the nest, and thus causing them to stay with him, that they were more anxious about him than most birds are about their children when they are grown up; so they were very careful

that he should not make acquaintance with any bad birds, who might teach him to do wrong. They, however, approved of a friendship which he had formed with some little green parakeets, with yellow and orange heads, who are so affectionate to each other that they are generally called lovebirds. They ate fruit, and Flappet's mother was afraid he might do so too, and warned him against it, because it was a very bad thing in Africa to eat much of that food; but Flappet assured his mother that he only picked off the insects which were on the outside. The parakeets took him beyond the forest to the large nests of the white ants, looking as big as the hay-cocks in England, and where there was so much food that he could not be happy till he had flown back to fetch his father and mother.

After leading this happy life for some months, as the Swallows and their friends were sitting together on a tree, the sky became very dark, and the birds crept closer together and stuck their claws into the bark where they were perched; for even their large resting-place rocked. Then followed such lightning and thunder, that the forest seemed to be all in a blaze; and then silence; and then all began again; and the very tree which they had left fell to the ground with a great crash, bringing others with it; and the rain poured down like a river from the sky.

After this tempest Flappet's father said, "We must now think of going, for this is the beginning of the African Winter."

"Will it be cold here?" asked his son.

"No," said the old bird; "but it will rain for days at a time, and food will be scarce, and we shall be drenched, and have the rheumatism; and so, as it is getting fine weather in England now, we had better return to it. As to you, Flappet, if you like to stay here with your new friends, you may, without causing us to feel affronted."

"Do you think," replied Flappet, "after all your goodness to me, that I would ever leave you? I wish I could persuade my friends to come with us; but they tell me they could not eat the sour, hard fruit of England. However, I hope we shall meet again next year."

The last evening was spent by all the party together, sitting upon the top of a teak-tree, and looking at the purple, crimson, and golden clouds with which the sun was surrounded when he set. The next morning came the parting, which was sad enough; but the parakeets had their home to provide for during the rain, so they said, "Good-by; we shall meet again;" and the Swallows took their way to the north. They looked about for some large company of other swallows, that they might join it, for it was always safer to travel in that way; but they did not see any till they reached Morocco, where they met with a great number perched upon the top of a high building. Here they separated into companies; some went over Spain, others at once across to France. Among the first were Flappet and his parents, who thus saw the wide plains, the beautiful mountains of that country, and the still more beautiful Pyrenees; and at last they reached the very same spot where Flappet had been born and imprisoned. The old nest was a little damaged by weather, but was soon mended; and Flappet, who had chosen a wife among the young lady birds with whom he had traveled, built a house for himself, with her help, in the opposite corner of the false window; so that he could see, and be often with his father and mother; and his children and their new children learned to fly together, and had a great affection for each other.

STORY OF AN ORPHAN BOY WHO WAS NOT AFRAID TO WORK.—The rain was pouring in the streets of a great city, when a poor-looking boy stopped at a printing-office and asked to see Mr. Gay, the master of the house.

"Come in," replied a voice from within. Mr. Gay looked up as the door opened, and seeing the strange boy he told him he would attend to him in a few minutes. Having finished his writing he asked his errand.

"Please, sir, do you want a boy in your printing-office?"

"Why," said Mr. Gay, "I do n't know but what we do. What can you do?"

"Any thing, sir, that you have for me to do."

"What is your name, and where do your parents live?" asked Mr. Gay.

"My name, sir, is Harry Scott. My father and mother are both dead. I live with a woman who knew my mother. She is very kind to me; but she is poor, and she can not keep me without work. I have tried at a great many places to get work, but nobody wants poor boys."

"Have you no friend to recommend you?" asked Mr. Gay. Harry looked down a moment, and turned his old cap round in his hand. His face brightened as he drew from his pocket a small, well-worn Bible. He handed it to Mr. Gay, saying, "That book will tell you, sir, of the only friend I have to recommend me. It was my mother's."

Mr. Gay took the book. On the first leaf was written, "This is your mother's dying gift. Read it daily, my son, and the orphan's God will be your friend."

He closed the book, and laid it on the table, and then said, "Well, Harry, you may make a trial in my office. Come in the morning, and, if you suit me, I will engage you; but I shall want you to sleep in the office till George is able to come back."

"Thank you, sir," said Harry. "I will be here early tomorrow morning, and I will try to make myself useful."

Putting his Bible in his pocket, he started homeward with a happy heart.

For a long time Mr. Gay sat there where Harry had left him. He was thinking very seriously. The sight of that worn Bible, and the marks he had seen in it, had awakened early memories. He, too, had once had a Christian mother. She had passed away long since. Yet her frequent counsels to "seek the Lord early," were sounding in his ears. Life's busy scenes and cares had caused him to forget her words. He thought of it long and bitterly; but even now business is claiming his time and attention, and the subject was again put off.

The next morning Harry was at the printing-office early, ready to make himself useful, as he said. By his active and willing obedience he soon made many friends.

He had been there about two weeks when Mr. Gay gave orders for increased diligence in the office, as there was a large amount of work that must be finished in a few days. That night, before Harry went to sleep, he resolved to get up very early in the morning, so as to have every thing in order early. "It is but little that I can do," thought he, "but I will do what I can." And so he soon fell asleep.

After a long time he got awake. It looked very dark. He thought it could not be near morning yet. He was just falling asleep when the clock struck five. "Time to get up," thought he; and, suiting the action to the word, he was soon dressed. He lighted his little lamp, read a chapter in his Bible, and then kneeled to seek God's blessing.

Upon going into Mr. Gay's room he set to work to rekindle the fire. Then he looked after the other fires, giving them the attention they needed before he began to sweep the office. He had nearly finished sweeping when he heard a step at the door, and, looking round, he saw Mr. Gay standing at the door.

"Well, my boy, how is this that you are up so early? It is but little more than five o'clock."

"Why, sir," said Harry, "I heard you say you had a great deal to do, and I am going to help all I can."

"Well, well," said Mr. Gay, "I see you told the truth when you said you were not afraid to work. What made you think of getting up?"

"That every thing might be ready early, sir," he answered. "There is one verse in my Bible that I love to think of every day, and I think it helps me to do right. It is this: 'Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.'"

"A faithful boy will become a good and useful man," said Mr. Gay, as he passed into his room. "Strange," thought he, "how that boy seems to live out what the Bible teaches! I must try to seek an interest in it myself."

Our readers will not be surprised to learn that Mr. Gay became a good Christian, and that Harry grew up to be a highly-successful and useful man.

Holiday Gleanings.

NEW USE FOR JACOB'S LADDER.—A Welsh clergyman, invited to assist in the ordination of a minister in some part of England, was appointed to deliver the address to the Church and congregation, and, having been informed that their previous minister had suffered much from pecuniary embarrassment, although the Church was fully able to support him comfortably, he took the following singular method of administering proof. In his address to the Church he remarked:

You have been praying, no doubt, that God would send you a man after his own heart to be your pastor. You have done well. God, we hope, has heard your prayer, and given you such a minister as he approves, who will go in and out before you, and feed your souls with the bread of life. But now you have prayed for a minister, and God has given you one to your mind, you have something more to do; you must take care of him, and, in order to his being happy among you, I have been thinking you have need to pray again. "Pray again? Pray again? What should we pray again for?" Well, I think you have need to pray again. "But for what?" Why, I'll tell you. Pray that God would put Jacob's ladder down to the earth again. "Jacob's ladder! Jacob's ladder! What has Jacob's ladder to do with our minister?" Why, I think if God would put Jacob's ladder down that your minister could go up into heaven on the Sabbath evening after preaching and remain there all the week, then he could come down every Sabbath morning so spiritually minded and so full of heaven that he would preach to you almost like an angel. "O, yes, that may be all very well, and, if it were possible, we should like it; but then we need our minister with us during the week to attend prayer meetings, visit the sick, hear experience, give advice, etc., and, therefore, must have him always with us; we want the whole of his time and attention." That may be, and I will admit the necessity of his daily attention to your concerns; but then you will remember that if he remains here he must have bread and cheese, and I have been told that your former minister was often wanting the common necessities of life when many of you can enjoy its luxuries, and, therefore, I thought if God would put Jacob's ladder down your present minister might preach to you on the Sabbath, and, by going up into heaven after the services of the day, save you the painful necessity of supporting him.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.—George D. Prentice is, perhaps, best known as a wit, and punster, and political writer. But from his facile pen flows also the sentimental and the beautiful. Some years have passed since we laid aside his description of the "broken-hearted," but it has lost neither its freshness nor its beauty:

About two years ago I took up my residence for a few weeks in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival I became acquainted with a young lady, apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idol of her heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting like the wing of death upon her brow.

I first met her in the presence of the mirthful. She was, indeed, a creature to be admired; her brow was garlanded by the young year's sweetest flowers, and her sunny tresses were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom, and she moved through the crowd with such floating, unearthly grace that the bewildered gazer looked almost to see her fade away into the air like the creation of a pleasant dream. She seemed

cheerful and even gay, yet I saw that her gaiety was but the mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile which told me that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear, and her eyelids at times pressed heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony that was bursting up from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity, and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of purity and life.

I have lately heard that the young lady of whom I have spoken is dead. The close of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream, gentle as the sinking of the breeze that lingers for a time round a bed of withered roses, and then dies for very sweetness.

It can not be that earth is man's only abiding-place. It can not be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its surface, and then sink into nothingness and darkness forever. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth and then pass off and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, and forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to the view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of the affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts?

We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions will stay in our presence forever.

MARRIAGE OF DAUGHTERS AND MANAGING MOTHERS.—Henry Taylor in his "Notes From Life" comprises not a little sound as well as practical philosophy upon the incidents leading to marriage and the relations of mothers thereto. We give it for the benefit of both mothers and daughters:

If an unreasonable opposition to a daughter's choice be not to prevail, I think that, on the other hand, the parents, if their views of marriage be pure from worldliness, are justified in using a good deal of management—not more than they very often do use, but more than they are wont to avow or than society is wont to countenance—with a view to putting their daughters in the way of such marriages as they can approve. It is the way of the world to give such management an ill name, probably because it is most used by those who abuse it to worldly purposes; and I have heard a mother pine herself on never having taken a single step to get her daughters married, which appeared to me to have been a dereliction of one of the most essential duties of a parent. If the mother be wholly passive, either the daughters must take steps and use management for themselves—which is not desirable—or the happiness and the most important interests of their lives, moral and spiritual, must be the sport of chance, and take a course purely fortuitous; and in many situations, where unsought opportunities of choice do not abound, the result may be not improbably such a love and marriage as the mother and every one else contemplates with astonishment. Some such astonishment I recollect to have expressed on an occasion of the kind to an illustrious poet and philosopher, whose reply I have always borne in

mind when other such cases have come under my observation—"We have no reason to be surprised, unless we knew what may have been the young lady's opportunities. If Miranda had not fallen in with Ferdinand she would have been in love with Caliban."

HASTY MARRIAGES.—A thousand hearts and homes of sadness respond to the oft-quoted passage on hasty marriages, which, we believe, appeared first in the New York Tribune:

There is not a city, there is scarcely a township, which does not number among its inhabitants women who have married on very short acquaintance, only to be abused, deserted, and left a life-long sorrow to the families in which they were born and reared, and which they most imprudently and improperly deserted to share the fortunes of relative strangers. If young ladies would realize how grossly indecorous as well as culpably reckless such marriages appear in the eyes of the observing, they surely would forbear. A year's thorough acquaintance, with the most circumstantial accounts, from disinterested and reliable witnesses, of the antecedents from childhood, are the very least guarantees which any woman who realizes what marriage is, will require of a stranger. Even then if her parents are not fully satisfied as well as herself, she should still hesitate. Marriage is an undertaking in which no delay can be so hazardous as undue precipitation.

SPECIMEN OF A SCHOOL-BOY'S COMPOSITION.—A distinguished Georgia lawyer says that in his younger days he taught a boys' school, and requiring the boys to write compositions, he sometimes received some of a very peculiar sort, of which the following is a specimen:

On the Seasons.—There is four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. They are all pleasant. Some people may like Spring best; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death. The End.

NEVER MIND THE WOOD-SHED.—“My dear Amelia,” said Mr. O. D. Collone to the young lady whose smiles he was seeking, “I have long wished for this sweet opportunity, but I hardly dare trust myself now to speak the deep emotions of my palpitating heart; but I declare to you, my dear Amelia, that I love you most tenderly; your smiles would shed—I say your smiles would shed—would shed.”

“Never mind the wood-shed,” says the dear Amelia; “go on with the pretty talk.”

PAUL'S MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.—There was a wag at college with me who used to amuse the class by the odd answers he would give to the questions of the professor. It used to be the custom—and a very necessary one it was—to spend Saturday morning in drilling the class in English Grammar. On one of these occasions the following passage occurred between Jones and the professor:

Professor. “Well, Mr. Jones, what do you understand by *masculine*?”

Jones. “That means *the men*.”

Professor. “And *feminine*?”

Jones. “That means *the women*.”

Professor. “And *neuter*?”

Jones. “Ahem! that must mean *the children*!”

Professor. “Ah! Mr. Jones, where did you get that information?”

Jones. “Well, sir, I am not certain, but I think you will find it in some of Paul's *miscellaneous writings*.”

LOOK JIS AS BOLD AS A LION.—A Southern Adonis, not particularly celebrated for his personal attractions, on completing a somewhat protracted toilet one morning, turned to his servant and inquired, “How do I look, Caesar?”

“Plendid, massa, 'plendid!” was Ebony's delightful answer.

“Do you think I'll do, Caesar?” he asked, surveying himself in a glass and giving Caesar a piece of silver.

“Guy! massa, neber saw you look so fierce in all my life. You look jis as bold as a lion!”

“A lion? why, what do *you* know about a lion? You never *saw* one, Caesar.”

“Nebber see a *lion*, massa! Guy! I see massa Peyton's Jim ride one ober to de mill ebry day.”

“Why, you fool, that's a donkey!”

“Can't help *dat*, massa,” said Caesar, “*you look jis like him!*”

The “colored compliment” was not improved by the amendment.

AN IRISHMAN ON THE GREAT SIZE OF “MERIKY.”—The strong figure of speech with which Corney illustrated the great size of America, has also a hit at the Scotch, which they will relish as well as they do punch.

“Where did baccy come from?” inquired Mary.

“Why, from ‘Meriky, where else?” replied Corney, “that sent us the first petaty. Long life to it for both, says I!”

“What sort of a place is that, I wonder?”

“Meriky? They tell me it's mighty sizable, Mol, darlin'. I'm told that you might roll England through it an' it would hardly make a dint in the ground. There's a fresh-water ocean inside of it that you might drown Ireland in, and save father Mathew a wonderful sight of trouble; an' as for Scotland, you might stick it in a corner of one of their forests an' you'd never be able to find it except it might be by the smell of the whisky!”

OPUS AND USUS, SIGNIFYING NEED.—The President of Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, caught one of the students helping himself to wood from the Presidential pile.

“Young man,” said the venerable officer, “what authority have you for taking away that wood?”

To which the youthful rogue, mindful of his Latin syntax, replied, “*Opus* and *Usus*, signifying *NEED*, require the *Ablative*.”

“Take it, my son, take it; but when you have need again come to me and I will give you better authority than that.”

WHAT BELONGS TO GOD, WHAT TO US.—A Virginia circuit preacher gives the following illustration of “faith that would remove mountains,” which he heard from the lips of a negro preacher, who was holding forth to his congregation upon the subject of obeying the commands of the Almighty:

“Bred'ren,” he said, in his broken way, “whatever de good God tell me to do in dis blessed book”—holding up at the same time an old and evidently much-read Bible—“dat I'm gwine to do. If I see in it dat I must jump troo a stone wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Goin' troo it belongs to God—jumpin' at it 'longs to me.”

Simple and homely as was the illustration, it had an evident effect upon the limited comprehension of the preacher's hearers.

PETER PINDAR'S EPIGRAMS.—Peter Pindar was without a peer in the art of epigrams; here are two of the best. The first “on a stone thrown at a very great man, but which missed him.”

“Talk no more of the lucky escape of the head
From a flint so unluckily thrown;
I think very different, with thousands, indeed,
‘T was a lucky escape for the stone.”

The second was on the death of Lady M—— E——'s favorite pig, and is exceeded by nothing in the annals of impertinence:

“O, dry that tear, so round and big,
Nor waste in sighs your precious wind,
Death only takes a single pig—
Your lord and son are left behind.”

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

PLAN OF EPISCOPAL VISITATION, 1862.—The following plan of Episcopal visitation for the present year was agreed upon by the Bishops at their last annual meeting:

CONFERENCE.	PLACE.	TIME.	BISHOP.
Liberia.....	Buchanan	Jan. 15	Burns.
Missouri and Arkansas.....	St. Louis.....	Feb. 26	Simpson.
Baltimore.....	Baltimore.....	March 5	Janes.
East Baltimore.....	Baltimore.....	" 5	Ames.
Kentucky.....	Newport.....	" 5	Scott.
Western Virginia.....	Point Pleasant.....	" 12	Scott.
Kansas.....	Wyandotte.....	" 12	Simpson.
Philadelphia.....	Philadelphia.....	" 19	Morris.
Pittsburg.....	Pittsburg.....	" 19	Ames.
New Jersey.....	New Brunswick.....	" 19	Janes.
Nebraska.....	Bellevue.....	" 26	Simpson.
Newark.....	Newton.....	April 2	Morris.
New England.....	Westfield.....	" 2	Janes.
Providence.....	Provincetown.....	" 2	Baker.
New Hampshire.....	Sanbornton Br.....	" 9	Baker.
New York.....	Peekskill.....	" 9	Janes.
Wyoming.....	Wilkesbarre.....	" 9	Scott.
New York East.....	Waterbury.....	" 9	Janes.
North Indiana.....	Fort Wayne.....	" 10	Simpson.
Oneida.....	Marcellus.....	" 16	Janes.
Vermont.....	Northfield.....	" 16	Baker.
Troy.....	Glen's Falls.....	" 16	Scott.
Black River.....	Oswego.....	" 23	Ames.
Maine.....	Portland.....	" 30	Baker.
East Maine.....	Cherryfield.....	May 14	Baker.
Erie.....	Youngstown, O.....	July 16	Janes.
German.....	Ludwigsburg	" 23	
Oregon.....	Vancouver.....	August 6	Simpson.
Cincinnati.....	Cincinnati.....	Sept. 3	Janes.
Ohio.....	Zanesville.....	" 3	Morris.
Western Iowa.....	Chariton.....	" 3	Baker.
North Ohio.....	Wellington.....	" 3	Scott.
Weat Wisconsin.....	Dodgeville.....	" 4	Janes.
California.....	San Francisco.....	" 10	Simpson.
Upper Iowa.....	M'Gregor.....	" 10	Janes.
Iowa.....	Washington.....	" 10	Eaker.
East German.....	Rochester.....	" 11	Scott.
Central Ohio.....	Greenville.....	" 17	Morris.
Central Illinois.....	Galesburg.....	" 17	Baker.
Minnesota.....	Winona.....	" 17	Janes.
South-Eastern Indiana.....	Greensburg.....	" 17	Morris.
Rock River.....	Joliet.....	" 24	Paker.
North-West Wisconsin.....	Hudson.....	" 24	Janes.
Detroit.....	Ann Arbor.....	" 24	Scott.
Indiana.....	Greencastle.....	" 25	Ames.
Genesee.....	Batavia.....	Oct. 1	Morris.
Southern Illinois.....	Alton.....	" 1	Ames.
Wisconsin.....	Kenosha.....	" 1	Janes.
Michigan.....	Grand Rapids.....	" 1	Scott.
Illinois.....	Bloomington.....	" 9	Janes.
North-Western Indiana.....	Lafayette.....	" 9	Scott.

CORK.—Many persons see cork used daily, without knowing whence comes this useful material. Corks are cut from large slabs of the cork-tree, a species of oak which grows wild in the south of Europe. The tree is stripped of its bark at about fifteen years old, but before stripping it off the tree is not cut down as in the case of the oak. It is taken while the tree is growing, and the operation may be repeated every ninth year—the quality of the bark continuing each year to improve as the age of the tree increases. When the bark is taken off it is singed in the flames of a strong fire, and after being soaked a considerable time in water, it is placed under heavy weights in order to render it straight. Its extreme lightness, the ease with which it can be compressed, and its elasticity, are properties so peculiar to this substance, that no efficient substitute for it has been discovered. The valuable properties of

cork were known to the Greeks and Romans, who employed it for all the purposes for which it is used at present, with the exception of stopples; the ancients mostly used cement for stopping the mouths of bottles or vessels. The Egyptians are said to have made coffins of cork, which, being spread on the inside with a resinous substance, preserved dead bodies from decay. In modern times cork was not used for stopples to bottles till about the close of the seventeenth century—wax being used till then for that purpose. The cork imported into Great Britain is brought principally from Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The quantity annually consumed is upward of five hundred tons.

LIFE AMONG THE AFRICANS.—The following is an extract from a recent letter from Dr. Livingstone, in which he speaks of the natives of the Upper Zambesi River: "Many of these tribes are governed by a female chief! If you demand any thing of a man, he replies, 'I will talk with my wife about it!' If the woman consents, your demand is granted. If she refuses, you will receive a negative reply. Women vote in all the public assemblies. Among the Bechuanas and Kaffirs the men swear by their father; but among the veritable Africans, occupying the center of the continent, they always swear by their mother. If a young man falls in love with a maiden of another village, he leaves his own and takes up his dwelling in hers. He is obliged to provide in part for the maintenance of his mother-in-law, and to assume a respectful attitude, a sort of semi-kneeling, in her presence. I was so much astonished at all these marks of respect for women, that I inquired of the Portuguese if such had always been the habit of the country. They assured me that such had always been the case."

THE BIBLE IN FRANCE.—The Bible cause is hopefully advancing. More than 15,000 Bibles, and about 91,000 copies of the New Testament, have, during the past year, been circulated by the two French societies—the "French and Foreign Bible Society," and the "Protestant Bible Society." Altogether, within eight years, three millions of copies of the sacred Scriptures have been disseminated in France, and no one will deny that the seed has borne abundant fruit. The proof is not only found in the numerical increase of Protestant congregations, churches, and schools, but still more in the great change of the sentiments of the higher and educated classes of the French people.

POPULATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.—The entire population of the British empire amounts to 275,000,000. Of these, the number in the British islands is 29,250,000; the North American colonies, 3,785,000; the Australasian group, 1,275,000; West Indian, 1,000,000; while the aggregate number of British subjects in Ceylon, Mauritius, Hong Kong, and the African and European possessions amounts to 3,209,000. In British India the number is 135,000,000. In sixty years the increase of population in the United Kingdom was 82

per cent., but for the last ten years the increase has been only 6 per cent.

CATHOLICISM IN HAYTI.—A concordat between the Pope and President Geffrard has been published at Port-au-Prince. The concordat creates an Archbishop of Hayti, and four bishops, all to be nominated by the Pope, who, by a special article, is allowed to select for these dignities ecclesiastics of the white race. This, it is remarked, indicates that General Geffrard "is liberal and progressive in his ideas."

JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.—A Jewish synagogue has been dedicated at Cologne, of extraordinary splendor. It is in the Moorish style—an imitation of the Alhambra. The architect is Zwirner, who has from the first superintended the great work of restoring and finishing the cathedral of Cologne.

OIL OF IRON.—When cast iron is dissolved in dilute sulphuric acid a peculiar oil is also formed. This substance has long been a puzzle to chemists. Chevreul, the French chemist, has stated that perhaps nitrogen was a constituent of this oil, but late investigations by Professor Cameron, of Dublin, and Emerson J. Reynolds, of London, have conclusively settled the question as to its identical character. It contains no nitrogen; it is chiefly composed of carbon and hydrogen.

CANNONADE.—In a general sense a cannonade is the act of firing artillery during a battle or a siege. Technically, a cannonade means an engagement between two armies in which the artillery alone is active, while other arms are either passive or do not, at best, overstep the bounds of mere demonstration. The most celebrated instance of this kind is the cannonade of Valmy, between the Prussians and the French, in 1792. The French general, Kellermann, awaited the attack of the Prussians on a range of heights, his artillery placed in front of his troops. The Prussians drew up on the opposite range of hills, brought forward their artillery, and the cannonade began. The Prussian infantry formed several times for the attack, advancing a little, but, on the French remaining firm, withdrew before coming within musket range. In this way the day passed, but the next day the Prussian army began their retreat. Generally speaking, cannonading serves to fill up the intervals between a repulsed attack and another attempt to dislodge the enemy; and they form the *finale* of most drawn battles. A cannonade, however, is most frequently used for purposes of demonstration, rather for moral support on the side using it than for physical destruction against the enemy.

BENEFIT OF WHITEWASHING.—All kinds of soft, porous stone become hard by whitewashing them with fresh slacked lime. The lime absorbs carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and is converted into carbonate of lime. A portion of this remains in the pores of the stone, and ultimately becomes marble.

FORMIDABLE WEAPON.—A very formidable weapon has recently been invented. It is an improved Congreve rocket, so contrived as to be made to fly a distance of four or five thousand yards. For service against masses of cavalry and infantry, or "setting fire to towns and villages, or any thing that will burn

or has life," it is said to be one of the most fearfully-destructive weapons ever devised by man. This terrible instrument of war, we presume, will also be employed to protect the coast, and for other purposes, on board the iron-clad ships and floating batteries of the United States.

LAMP CHIMNEYS.—The greatest expense and trouble connected with burning coal and petroleum oil, arises from the frequent breaking of lamp chimneys. These are made of clear, white glass, and are brittle to a proverb. They could be made of a stronger and cheaper glass, such as that used for making bottles. A patent has lately been taken out by Mr. Bailey, of Wolverhampton, England, for making such chimneys, and also lamp globes of bottle glass, moderately colored, to modify the intense glare of the flame. Oil merchants and refiners of coal oil should encourage such an improvement, as more coal oil would be used were it not for the trouble experienced with the common miserable chimneys furnished for oil lamps.

THE PHOSPHORUS DISEASE CURABLE.—This disease, a terrible malady which rots the bones of workmen in lucifer match factories, etc., is said to be curable by the use of bichromates. M. Ponsier, a French chemist, who has investigated this subject, declares that the best remedy is bichromate of ammonia.

NEW LIGHT FOR COAL MINES.—In an address delivered recently before the Glasgow (Scotland) Philosophical Society, Dr. Taylor suggested the use of the electric light for coal mines, so as to avoid the danger of explosion from fire damp with miners' common lamps. He proposed that the light be contained in sealed glass tubes hung from the roof of the mine, and that the current should be obtained from a Ruhmkorff coil.

DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.—Prince Albert, consort of Queen Victoria, died in London on the 14th of December, after a brief illness, which was not considered dangerous till two days before it resulted in death. His disease was gastric fever. Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was born at Rosenau, in the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg, on the 26th of August, 1819. He was the second son of Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, under whose immediate personal superintendence he received an admirable education, which he completed by attending the University of Bonnusing, three academical sessions. His marriage with Queen Victoria was solemnized February 10, 1840. Prince Albert was a Christian and a gentleman as well as a prince, and was more illustrious by his virtues than by his position. For twenty-one years he was in the eye of the English nation, and in every respect he sustained himself as few men in his situation have ever done. Forbidden, by his position, to interfere in politics, he occupied himself with superintending the education of his children. The progress of the arts and sciences, and general philanthropic subjects, also engaged his attention. He was the chief promoter, if not the originator, of the great World's Exhibition of 1851. In agricultural science he took great interest, and his farming stock has been frequently exhibited and gained prizes. As a patron of art and literature, too, he was particularly active.

Editor's Repository.

(1.) **MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—This is an 8vo pamphlet of 244 pages, double column, published by the Book Concern, and is on sale at all the depositories. We gave the recapitulation of the statistical results in our last number.

(2.) **GIESELEER'S CHURCH HISTORY.**—Volume IV of this compend of Church history has been laid upon our table. It comprises the Reformation and its results to the peace of Westphalia. This must be regarded as the standard edition of Gieseler's History. It is translated and edited by Rev. H. B. Smith, professor in the Theological Seminary of New York, and is specially designed for a text-book in Church history. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 8vo. 593 pp. \$2.25 per volume.

(3.) **THE SWEET STORY OF OLD** is a charming square 18mo. of 204 pages, just issued by Carlton & Porter. Its title is expressive of the subject. It is adapted to children from five to ten years.

(4.) **GLEN MORRIS STORIES.**—Many of our readers have already made the acquaintance of this series of juvenile works from the pen of Frank Forrester, Esq.—Rev. Daniel Wise. Just now issued is "Walter Sherwood, or the Story of an Easy, Good-Natured Boy." These volumes are both attractive and instructive, and each one conveys a good moral. New York: Howe & Ferry, and for sale at the Western Book Concern. 16mo. 256 pp. 60 cents. Finely illustrated.

(5.) **STREAKS OF LIGHT**—16mo. 344 pp. 60 cents—comprises "fifty-two facts" from the Bible, being "one for each Sabbath in the year." A Sunday school teacher might use one of these volumes to excellent purpose in a class of children. The stories are told in such a style, and with such incidental illustrations, as will make them peculiarly interesting to the young. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

We are in the receipt, from Carlton & Porter, of three series of juvenile books, done up in pasteboard boxes. They came to hand too late to notice for the holidays; but the sale of such beautiful little libraries should not be confined to holiday seasons. They are never out of time, and, where there are children, can never be out of place.

(6.) **AUNT ALICE'S LIBRARY.**—Ten volumes, as follows:

1. "Lion" and the Lamb.
2. Miss Alice's Story.
3. Little Frisky.
4. Getting Rich.
5. "Hard Things are Good for Folks."
6. My Little Sister.
7. Stick to It.
8. Arthur's Visit to Grandpa's.
9. What made Little Mollie so Happy?
10. The Little Prayer.

(7.) **AUNTIE RAY'S LITTLE LIBRARY.**—Ten volumes also:

1. Archie's Fourth of July.
2. Lottie and Jennie.
3. The Fishhooks.
4. Grace and her Money-box.
5. Old Granny Tift.
6. Eva and the Fairy Tale.
7. Lucy and Bell.
8. Bessie and her Lamb.
9. Winnie and his Pets.
10. Frank and Joey.

(8.) **Cousin Anna's Library.**—Eight volumes, as follows:

1. Tom, the Oyster Boy.
2. Willie and Clara.
3. Freddy's Fifth Birthday.
4. Two Boys side by side.
5. My First Sunday School.
6. Sunday Evening Reading.
7. Coney and Andy.
8. Harry Perry.

(9.) **THE EDINBURGH REVIEW**, for October, 1861, contains, 1. Macaulay's History of England. 2. Montalembert's Monks of the West. 3. Lavergne on the Agriculture of France. 4. O'Donoghue's Memoirs of the O'Briens. 5. Cunningham's Church History of Scotland. 6. The Story of Burnt Njal. 7. English Jurisprudence. 8. Thiers's Revolution of the Hundred Days. 9. The Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 10. Dr. Hessey's Bampton Lectures. 11. Disunion of America. Republished by L. Scott & Co., New York city. For sale by George N. Lewis, 28 West Sixth-street, Cincinnati. \$3 per annum.

(10.) **PICTURE OF THE MISSIONS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH** is a neat pamphlet, giving a succinct statement, from the pen of Dr. Durbin, of the providential rise, present condition, and future prospects of the Methodist missions. It is issued by the Tract Society, and ought to be scattered broadcast over the Church.

(11.) **MINUTES OF CONFERENCES.**—1. North-Western Indiana. Fourth session. Bishop Simpson, President—Clark Skinner, Secretary.—2. Illinois. Thirty-eighth session. Bishop Ames, President—James Leaton, Secretary.

(12.) **THE TEACHER'S MISSION.**—An address delivered before the Iowa State Teachers' Association. By Prof. O. M. Spencer. The work and character of the teacher are eloquently presented in this address.

(13.) **THE ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS FOR 1862** is a 12mo pamphlet of 232 pages, illustrated by 160 engravings. It is just such a work as every farmer ought to have. It will repay him a thousand-fold. Albany: L. Tucker & Son. Price, 25 cents.

Editor's Gallop.

A WORD TO THE FRIENDS OF THE REPOSITORY.—The breaking up of some families and the changes wrought in the circumstances of others by the wicked and perfidious civil war waged against the nation, have deprived us, for the time being, of some of our most valued friends and patrons. Letters of regret assure us that it is from necessity and not from choice; and, further, that their subscriptions will be resumed as soon as the present embarrassments are removed. In the mean time why may not their places be filled by others? Why may we not have the full **FOURTY THOUSAND** subscribers? Who of all the friends of the Repository, with very little effort, frequently with no more than showing a copy to a neighbor and asking him to subscribe, might not secure for us at least **ONE new subscriber?** What brother minister might not with the least imaginable effort add **one, two, three, five, etc.,** to his list? Brethren, may we not appeal to you to make the effort? May we not appeal to you to make special effort this year? Will you not make it at once? In detail these efforts are small; they cost but little; in the aggregate they produce a grand result. Could our appeal reach the hearts of our brethren and quicken the hands of each one of them—even though it be but a little—the Repository would pass through the trying ordeal in triumph. Thus far "onward" has been its motto. And even now it is nobly breasting the storm. Let us have a grand triumph.

OUR ENGRAVINGS FOR THE MONTH.—The first of these is a rare combination of interesting objects. In the foreground are seen the silvery lake, the sloping meadow-land, the farm-house reposing in the quiet of its rustic beauty. On the hither side lie scattered the huge boulders, which, by contrast, heighten the beauty of the scene. Beyond is the wide-spread forest. Its untrodden vastness is sharply bounded by the bold mountain, which, springing from its midst, raises its craggy peak to the very sky. The picture is from an original painting by William Hart, Esq. The engraving by Mr. Wellstood has been exquisitely executed. It is not a picture to be glanced at and then dismissed. It is worthy of study, and will appear more beautiful the more it is studied.

THE PROFFERED KISS.—The second of our engravings is one of those fancy pictures—so real, so life-like, so redolent of the joys of bonnie childhood—which never fail to awake memories of the long ago, when we too were children. That little fellow, with plump form, finely-developed limbs, and smiling face, is not to be thwarted in the "proffered kiss." The little playmate, though "fending off" with her hand and averting her head, as is the wont of the sex, evidently does not feel any special aversion to the "proffered kiss." It may be that she regards it as a compliment to her attractions, and her vanity is pleased. This would not be strange. Older misses have been actuated by the same motive. It may be that a deeper sentiment of soul has to do with the case. Neither

would that be strange. The instinct that gives to the flower its brilliant carnation, first dwells unconsciously in the bud. The principles that influence childhood are not so different from those of after life, only there is less of self-consciousness about them; their naturalness is not corrupted, their purity is not tainted. But lest we grow prosy where we ought to be lively, we will philosophize no farther.

OUR JANUARY ENGRAVED TITLE-PAGE.—By the way, we are glad to know that our engraved title-page—*Learning to Ride*—issued in the January number, is very popular with our young friends. A host of them who are shut up in cities think it would be a fine thing to learn to ride. They have enjoyed the picture even more perhaps than those in the country. These two pictures are very fair specimens of the skill of Mr. F. E. Jones, who has his office in the building of the Western Book Concern, where he is ready to execute all orders for engraving or printing of portraits, landscapes, and other pictures.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—We must respectfully decline the following articles:

Poetry.—To Mattie; Death of the Old Year; I would not Live Alway; An Old Man's Elegy; The Promise; The Sacrifice; Seeing we are God's own Children; Susquehanna and other Poems; A Prayer for our Country; Ella; Be Strong; The Battle; The Power of Prayer; Musings Saturday Night; To a Sea-Shell—some neat thoughts, but it is marred by defective rhythm and false syntax—The Empress of France; and A Night of the Day.

Prose.—Autumn; Light; Unseen Life; The Camp Meeting; My Two Little Boys; Alone; Sorrow is better than Laughter; Zoölogical Anecdotes; Mother Look Up; Mary Lundy Lyon—not prepared with sufficient care—Honor; The Northern Fays and the Little Beggar Girl; Perseverance; The Prediction; Twelve Years After; Christianity, its Effects; Little Vessels Wrecked; The Early Dead; A Reminiscence.

Many of the above articles possess some general excellences, but have specific defects.

MIDDLETON'S PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.—The first painted portrait of Washington was made by Charles Wilson Peale, at Mount Vernon, in 1772, when its subject was forty-one years of age. The same artist executed others in 1778, 1781, 1783, 1785, 1786. Various busts and portraits have been made by Houden, Trumbull, Pino, Cerachi, Savage, Wertmuller, Stuart, and Rembrandt Peale, to whom Washington sat in 1794. Of all these, however, only those of Stuart and Rembrandt Peale have been considered as satisfactory. Between these two public sentiment has long been divided. Each has its excellences, and each its admirers. In late years Stuart's has borne away the palm. It is said that fine copies of Stuart's, painted by himself when he was sober, were sold for over fifteen hundred dollars. This celebrated portrait has been reproduced by E. C. Middleton, of this city.

It is in cabinet, or half life size, and executed in durable oil colors, such as are used by the best artists in painting from life. It is no less timely than beautiful. In these times of perfidy and treason let the glorious portrait of the Father of his Country adorn every patriot home in the land, that our sons and our daughters from childhood may learn to revere his memory, and may be inspired with the same lofty love of country.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S INSTITUTES.—We have before us a plan for such an institute, its exercises, topics for discussion, etc. We have not space to give it entire. It has our hearty endorsement. It is worthy the attention of all the friends of Sunday schools. We presume it sprang from the heart and brain of Rev. J. H. Vincent, who is so earnestly wedded to the Sunday school cause.

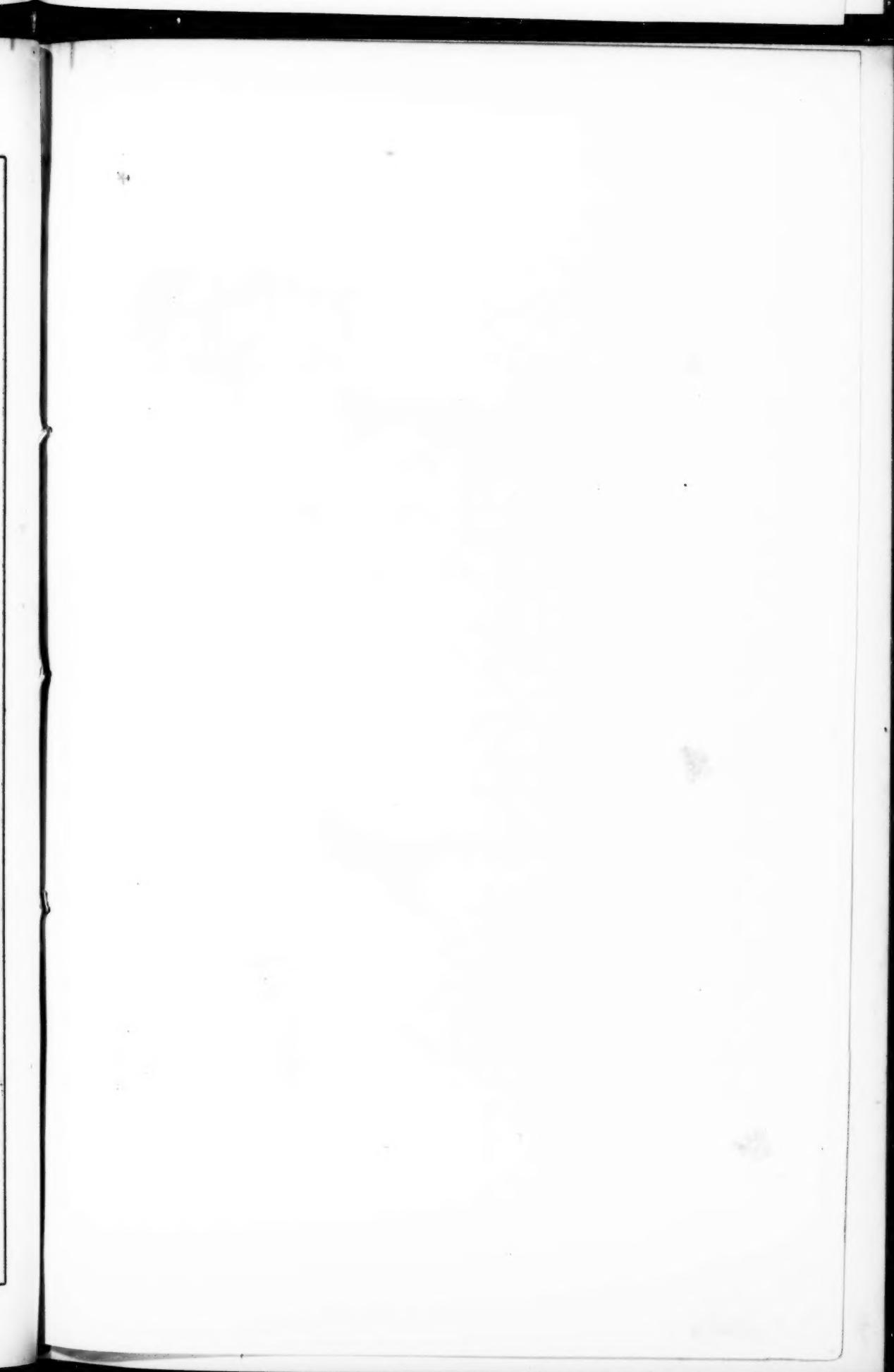
BEREAVEMENT OF THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE.—Not long since we noticed the death of Rev. B. Griffen, one of the fathers of the New York Conference. More recently the Rev. Phineas Rice, D. D., has passed away. He entered the New York Conference in 1807, and has continued one of its most efficient and most honored members till he closed his earthly career at Newburg, December 4, 1861. A man of fearless spirit, of noble heart; a true Christian soldier; loved by his brethren and honored by his God. Our old New York Conference is indeed bereaved. These brethren will be painfully missed at the next session. A brother in a private note, after referring to the passing away of the fathers of the Conference, says: "I am praying every day that God will help me and others to redouble our diligence that the places of these who die may be worthily filled." God grant that we may all partake of the same spirit! Then those of us who may be spared to come together, painfully as we may feel our bereavement, will be already realizing in our hearts some of its ripening spiritual fruits. Phineas Rice was a man of peculiar and marked traits of character. We hope at an early date to furnish our readers a portrait and a full biographical sketch.

LIFE IN WASHINGTON—MRS. LINCOLN—FUN IN THE WHITE-HOUSE.—One of the saddest evidences of our social demoralization as a people, and the depth and extent of that demoralization, is seen in the utter unconsciousness of the ruin and misery of the country which prevails in Washington. That unconsciousness seems to environ the White-House. No woman ever had a better opportunity to show how much a patriot mother could do for her country than Mrs. Lincoln. It is sad that the golden opportunity is thrown away. The New York Tribune says: "Mrs. Lincoln is engaged in qualifying herself for the more delicate exigencies of her elevated station. She is about to resume, under competent professors, the study of the French language, with which her early education made her familiar, but the practice of which has long been interrupted by the quiet but unceasing occupations of domestic life. We also understand that, in other and similar ways, Mrs. Lincoln proposes to add to the many accomplishments for which she is already distinguished, and which supply to the salons of the White-House its most brilliant adornments." The Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post, referring to

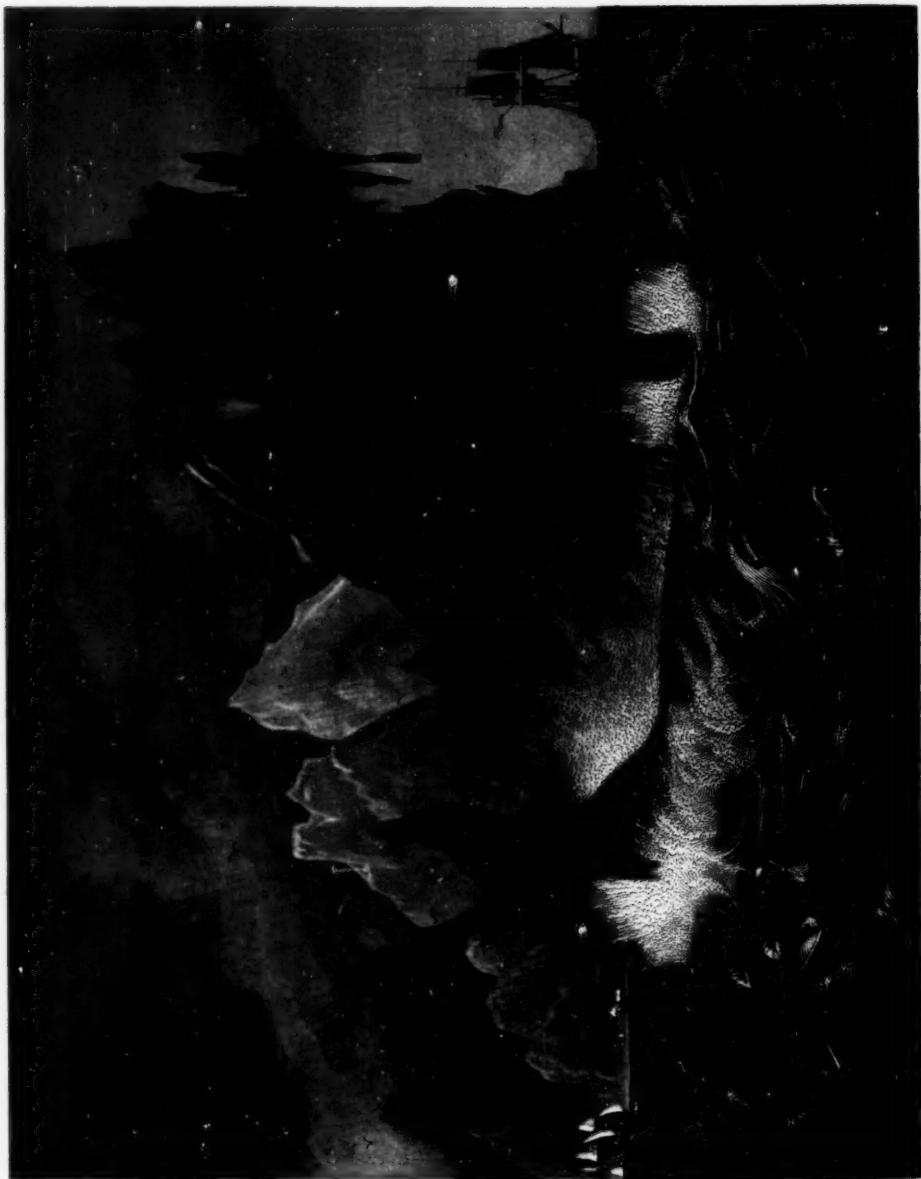
the prevailing gayety and thoughtlessness in the national Capital, adds: "From Mrs. Lincoln, driving in her gaudy coach, and Mr. Lincoln, amusing himself with Herrman's feats of 'prestidigitation,' down to the young officers dancing gayly at the balls, every one seems to consider the present time one especially created for amusement. There is not the slightest seriousness any where that I have been able to discover—it is all fun. And any one who looks or speaks earnestly of the critical condition of affairs, is regarded as a bore by all but some of the few older heads. The mournful faces are all at the homes that the war has made desolate." We should be glad to believe that this was an overwrought picture, but private advices leave us no room to doubt. Even the White-House is made the scene of Herrman's wizard feats; and all while our soldiers are sick, suffering, and dying in the camps, the strength of the army wasting from inaction, and the very pillars of the Republic made to tremble by the fearful blows of rebellion. It is a sad picture. The Lord have mercy upon us!

THE NATION WANTING A MAN.—The great want of the nation at this moment is a man equal to the crisis. We have expressed this idea elsewhere. We wish to repeat it here. It is felt among all the loyal citizens of the nation. Men without number, money without stint, munitions of war without measure are at the command of the Government. What, then, is wanting? Our generals issue proclamations, but our armies stand still. What is the lack? Some will say, "The Government has developed no general line of policy." But what will "a policy" effect without action? Give us a man—a leader—a Havelock, and we shall not long be without both a sharply-defined line of policy and a vigorous aggressive and successful movement.

We are not yet prepared to believe that the nation has become so effeminate that the material for the vigorous prosecution of the war no longer remains! that heroic patriotism has so nearly died out that a martial leader can not spring from its ashes! Grand epochs produce their men. Hannibal was born of the Punic wars; the throes of national revolution in Europe gave birth to Napoleon. Our own Revolution gave birth to the immortal Washington; our second struggle for the honor of our nationality brought forth the man of action, who, with raw and undisciplined troops, struck down the veteran soldiers of Great Britain. The nation cries out just now for a man—a man of action, a hero to lead our armies to victory. Such a man will come. God will give him to us. The godless ambition of politicians for the Presidential succession may hunt down a Fremont, may give a Banks no scope for action, and the country may suffer—hearts and homes may be desolate; but it is all in vain. Our country has not yet achieved its mission. The man will come forth. His will be no spurious patriotism—doubtful whether his paramount allegiance be to rebel slaveholders or to the country; but true to the Constitution and laws of the United States he will honor her noble defenders. Such a man must come forth. Not all the schemes of the confederates of hell can keep him back. And when he does come the people will recognize him and hail him for a leader. May his advent even precede the coming of these words to our readers!



WHALING.



WHALING